

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

APRIL 1977

\$1.00

NATIONAL LAMPPOON®

IND
34490

Ripping the lid off TV!

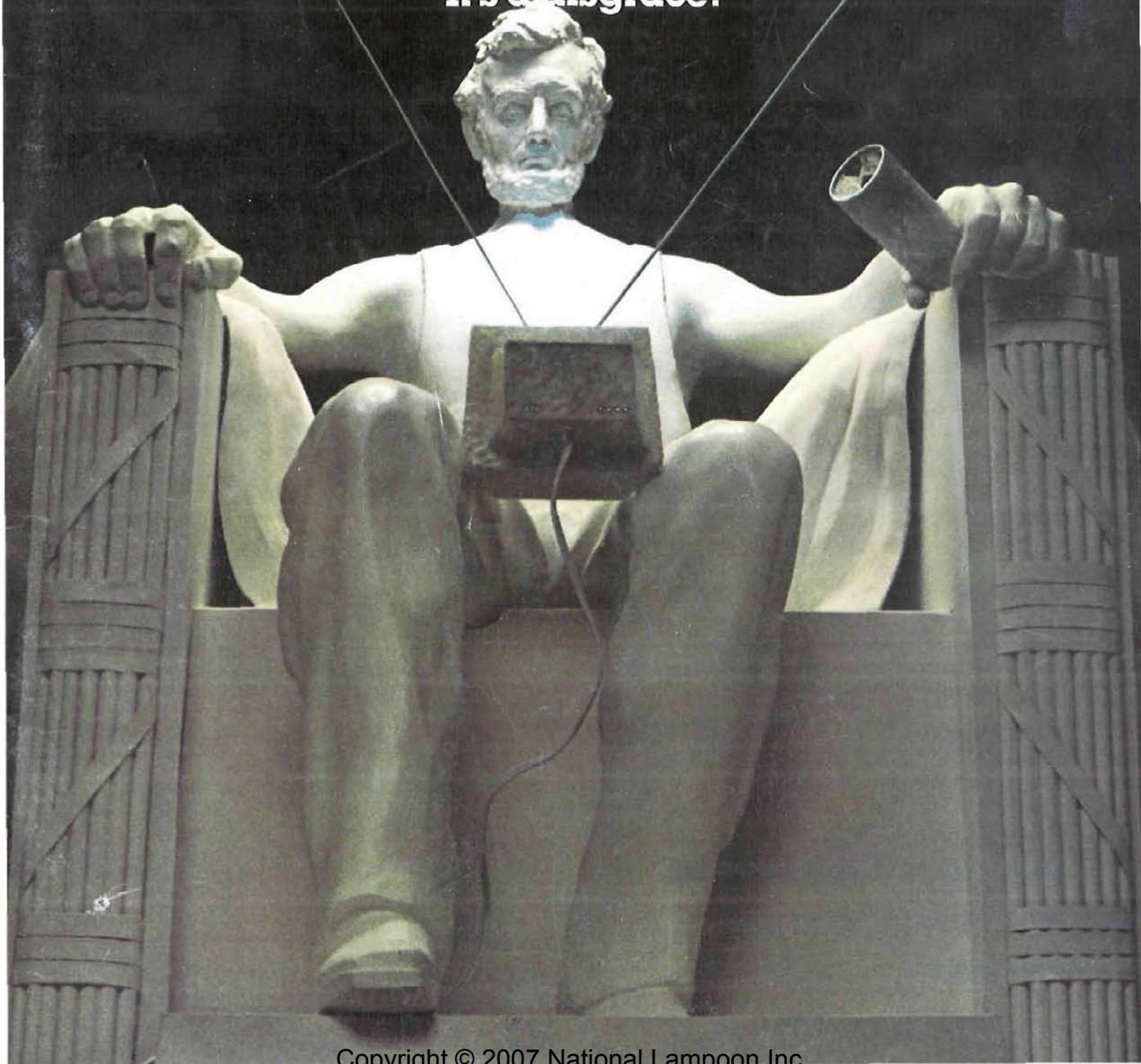
Producers have no taste...

networks make fortunes... commercials interrupt programs.

sex and violence dominate the airwaves...

programs cater to the lowest common denominator....

It's a disgrace!



Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

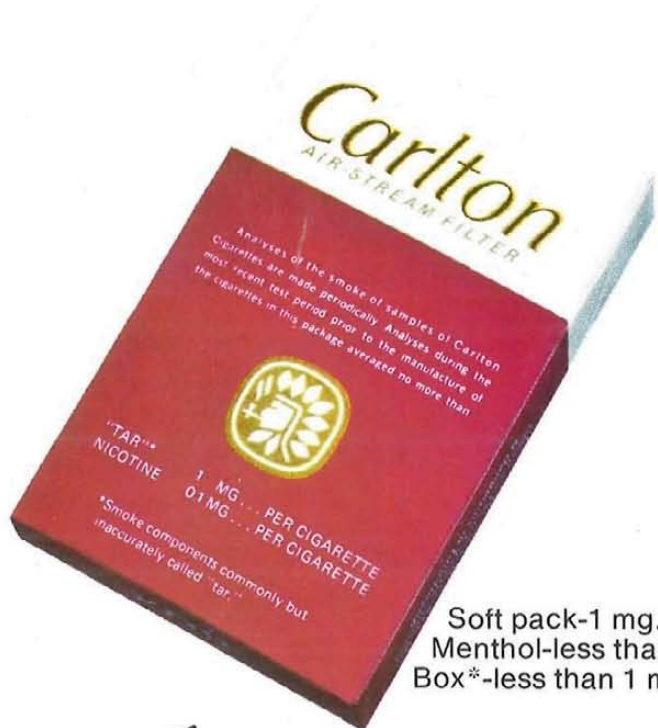
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

WHEN YOU BUILD A SPEAKER TO SOUND GREAT ON EVERY PART OF THE MUSIC, YOU CAN'T CUT CORNERS ON ANY PART OF THE SPEAKER.

A single HPM-100 weighs almost 60 pounds.

The fact it weighs more than a Large Advent speaker, Bose 901 or JBL L100 is not an accident.

Our speaker frames are made of heavy cast aluminum instead of the usual stamped metal, so you hear only the speakers vibrating and never their frames.

Our magnets are oversize to spare your ears needless distortion.

And our cabinet is made out of special compressed wood that's denser and heavier than ordinary wood. So the sound is forced out of the cabinet instead of being absorbed by it.

Of course, not everything that adds to the sound of an HPM-100 also adds to its weight.

Our supertweeter uses nothing but a piece of High Polymer Molecular film to produce incredibly clear and crisp high frequencies.

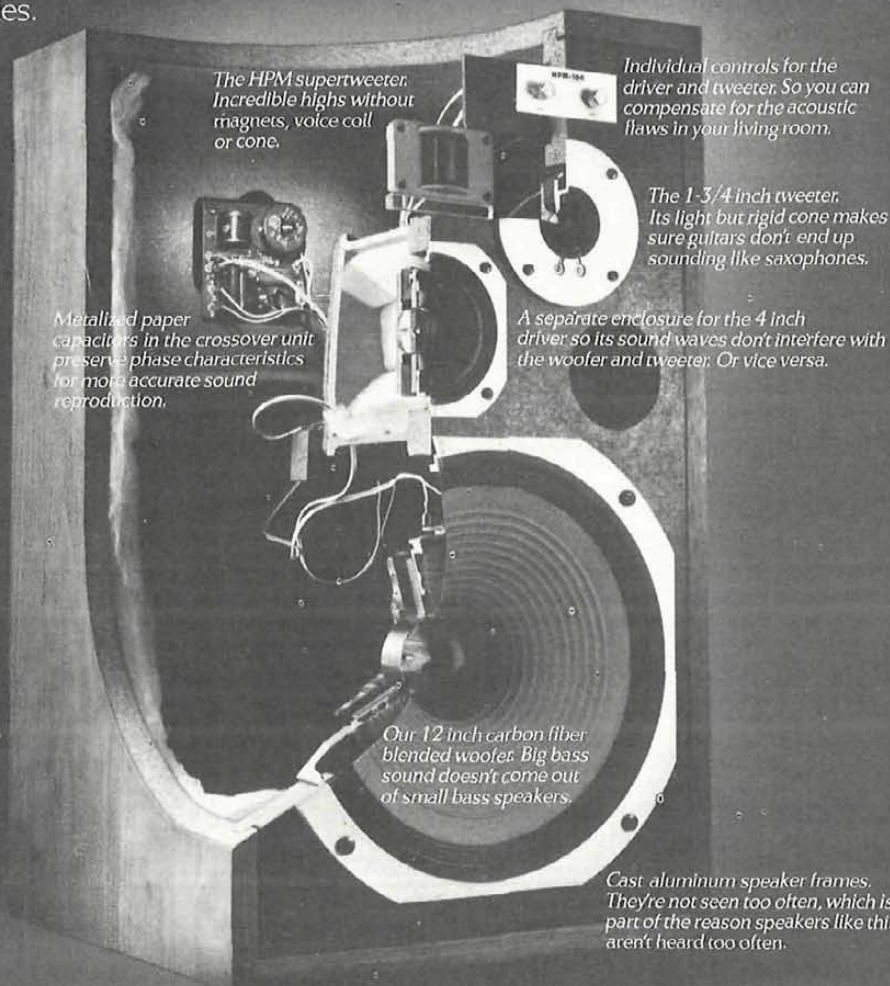
Our midrange driver and tweeter have cones that are light enough to give sharp response, but rigid enough not to distort.

And our 12 inch woofer has a long throw voice coil and unique carbon fiber blend cone (instead of the typical cardboard cone) that work to produce the kind of realistic bass you not only hear, but feel.

Naturally, we could go on. About our 12-1/2 feet of damping material. Or about the aluminum screws that keep our speakers from falling out. They're ordinarily used to keep airplanes from falling apart.

But we figure at this point you'd rather hear our speakers in person than hear any more about them from us.

HPM-100™
The all-around great speaker.



The HPM supertweeter. Incredible highs without magnets, voice coil or cone.

Individual controls for the driver and tweeter. So you can compensate for the acoustic flaws in your living room.

The 1-3/4 inch tweeter. Its light but rigid cone makes sure guitars don't end up sounding like saxophones.

Metalized paper capacitors in the crossover unit preserve phase characteristics for more accurate sound reproduction.

A separate enclosure for the 4 inch driver so its sound waves don't interfere with the woofer and tweeter. Or vice versa.

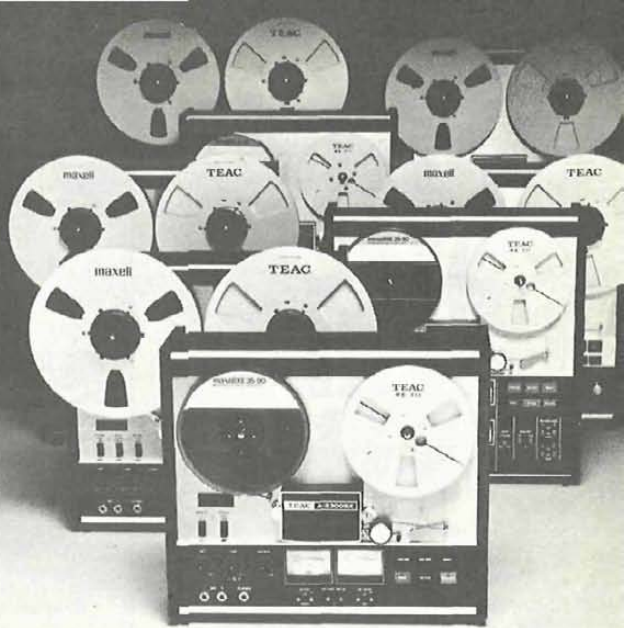
Our 12 inch carbon fiber blended woofer. Big bass sound doesn't come out of small bass speakers.

Cast aluminum speaker frames. They're not seen too often, which is part of the reason speakers like this aren't heard too often.



“If I just wanted to listen to music, I’d go to a concert.”

“I want to lead the band. I want to build my own albums.”



TEAC®

Nineteen tape systems—six cassette and thirteen open reel—from \$200 to \$1450.*

“I want to get my hands on the music.”

You're talking TEAC open reel. From the time you decide to edit, resequence and build your own albums until you finish your home studio, you're talking TEAC open reel.

Why TEAC?

Better specs. Not more bells and whistles and gingerbread. Performance you can hear. Specs we can prove:

We can print a signal at plus six and still meet spec. (A cheapy will lose definition and distort.)

We hold and define a piano and violin with a sustained Middle C. (On Brand X, Y and Z, the tone will wander away.)

When the tape transport moves or shifts or

reverses, TEAC has a nice, clean, solid “thunk” that tells you the tape transport is there to stay. (Some TEAC look-alikes give off a hollow, plastic complaint when they're asked to do anything.)

And we'll perform to specs a year or two from now.

Not just pull tape. Perform to specs.

Do you know who buys one out of every three new TEAC systems? People who own old TEAC systems. We've been making tape systems for twenty five years, and we really know how.

It's just a matter of time. The more you know about tape, the more you'll know about TEAC.



The Extra Mile.

Buy any TEAC open reel recorder between now and June 1, 1977, and you'll be able to get 30% off on twelve 7" reels of Maxell U.D. 35-90 tape or twelve 10" reels of Maxell U.D. 35-180 tape. The way we figure it, you get at least five miles of tape for the price of four. Any way you figure it, it's a nice way to start a tape library.

*Actual resale prices are determined individually and at the sole discretion of authorized TEAC dealers.

THE STICK SHIFT IS ON

There are many reasons to shift to a stick deodorant. There's no waste. It goes right where you want it. And it's strictly personal. But the best reason is right under your nose.

The English Leather® scent.

It's fresh, clean and thoroughly masculine. And it gives great deodorant protection too.

English Leather.

The deodorant stick you can rely on... even in heavy traffic.



Deodorant Stick \$1.50 Available in Canada
MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647©1976

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200-SX



Suddenly from Datsun: A sporty car with everything but a sports car price.

Exit dull, sluggish economy cars.
Enter Datsun's spicy 200-SX. Sweet
handling. Tasty appointments. And no
bitter price to swallow.

Enjoy.

Fun and frugal 5-speed.

Sporty 5-speed transmission works
like overdrive. So it not only zips
around traffic, it saves
wear and tear on the
engine. About the
engine: it's the 2-liter
single overhead cam
type. The type sports
cars are made of. All of
which makes the 200-
SX anything but dull.



Extras, yes. Extra cost, no.

- AM/FM multiplex stereo radio
- Steel belted radial tires
- Tachometer
- Fully reclining bucket seats
- Cut-pile carpeting
- Electric rear window defogger
- Tinted glass
- Electric clock
- Sporty 5-speed gearbox
- Power-assist front disc brakes

All for under \$4500. (Manufacturer's
Suggested Retail Price not including
destination charges, taxes, license or
title fees and optional tape stripe and
mag-type wheel cover package.)

Tough sport.

Solid, all-steel unibody is but one
example of how the Datsun 200-SX is
put together to stay together. Fact is,
when we made this fun little car, we
made sure of one thing.

The fun would last.

Suddenly it's going to dawn on you.

DATSUN SAVES

EDITORIAL

I'm one of those people who like to curl up in front of the fire with a good book every evening. I must confess that I never watch television. So when I was offered the TV issue to edit, I had to turn on the set and start watching. And I couldn't believe what I saw.

I saw game shows that were vulgar, tasteless, and disgusting—downright obscene in their venality.

I saw soap operas of stultifying dullness.

I saw something called the "sit-com," or situation comedy, a show that has neither situations nor comedy, and couldn't make me laugh if I were heavily bribed.

I saw dramas reeking of unrelieved violence and tawdriness, with the kind of dialogue heard between two gorillas at a zoo. I saw "talk" shows where no one was capable of talking above the level of a four-year-old.

And virtually every five minutes, this drivel was interrupted by commercials so mindless, so inane, I was sure they were all a put-on.

So this was what television had come to. It reminded me of a vast wasteland, inhabited by mindless, soulless people. Television is neither art nor entertainment. It is a packaged product, exactly like the soaps and deodorants and instant coffees it sells.

As I watched it, my anger and outrage turned to frustration and sheer paralysis of the will. I felt as small as the characters on the seventeen-inch screen. The only thing I could do was show the naked face of this evil, monstrous monopoly of our minds. My colleagues and I had to "rip the lid" off TV and expose it for what it really is. What you will read is not parody or satire (possibly not even humor). It is an honest depiction of what TV is like today. We cannot afford to take TV for granted any longer. But if we expose our sore spots, our boils, our



ugly wounds, then perhaps someday we can lance them and heal them. **Cover:** Forgive us for the liberties we took with the near-sacred Lincoln Memorial, but it was the only way we could shock our readers into the right frame of mind about the disgraceful condition of television. The sculpture was created by Carter Jones and photographed by Arky & Barrett. They all share our disgust and anger over the entire television industry. G.S.

Addendum: Careful readers of the February issue of *National Lampoon* will have noticed that "The Top Forty" were written in the telltale style of one John Hughes. This was, in fact, the case. Hughes wrote the piece and has been paid for it. His name and picture were left out of the table of contents because their inclusion would have spoiled the symmetry of the page.

P.K.

"I was kicking around the harbor that night in Kuala Lumpur. It was quiet except for the distant Javanese saloon songs that echoed across the water. Then I heard it. Soft at first. Then louder. A voice

**"...her voice was honey,
and I was a hungry bear."**

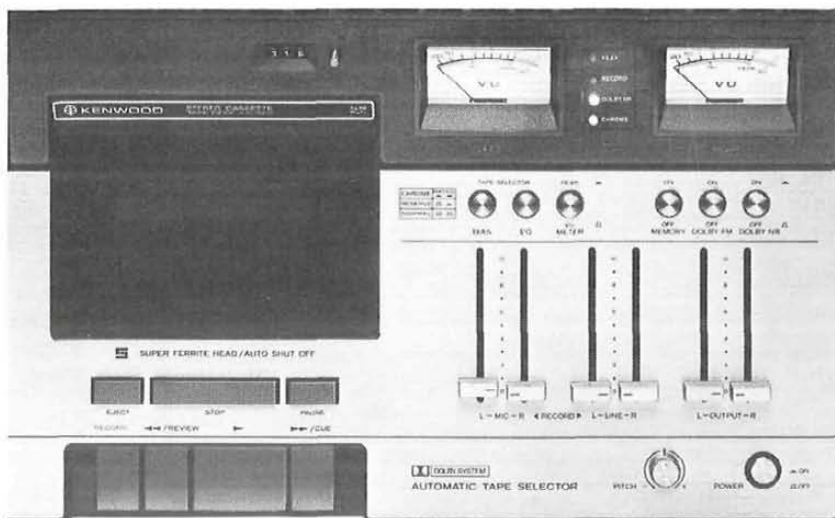
so enchanting, a melody so mesmerizing--it was as if her voice was honey and I was a hungry bear. I followed that voice through streets of stumbling sailors. Down a dark littered alley an oil lamp flickered through an open window. I threw my leg over the splintered ledge and climbed into the room. In the smoky dimness of the yellow lamplight I saw a vision that haunts me still. It was not the beautiful Malaysian songstress I had imagined--but a Superscope stereo music system. At first I thought her voice came from the AM/FM stereo radio. But then I saw the record spinning on the built-in automatic turntable. The sound through the three-way extended range speakers was incredibly real! Luckily with the built-in 8-track recorder/player I could tape that honeyed voice. Now I'll always hear her wherever I am. But what of the girl herself? I may never find her. But I did find that in the world of sound, Superscope is everywhere.

SUPERSCOPE

Listen to us.



Prices and models subject to change without notice.
© 1977 Superscope, Inc., 20525 Nordhoff St., Chatsworth, CA 91311



MAYBE WE SHOULD RAISE THE PRICE.

Our new top-of-the-line KX-920 has the features and performance of cassette decks costing hundreds of dollars more,



yet it costs less than \$300.* Why do the others cost more?

Beats us.

*Suggested resale price. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers.

KENWOOD

45777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248 • 72-02 Fifty-First Avenue, Woodside, NY 11377



● A thief was recently caught in Sydney, Australia, when police "paged" him on a stolen pocket paging device.

While investigating a burglary at the Australian Telecommunications Commission, police decided to dial the number of the missing device, known as a *bleeper*.

The bleeper went off in the pocket of a man nearby being questioned about a completely different crime. *Edmonton Journal* (Tom Brochi)

● The latest hit song in China, aimed at Mao Tse-tung's widow, Chiang Ching, is entitled, "Indignantly Condemn the Wan-Chan-Chiang-Yao Gang of Four!"

Referring to the four radical leaders arrested last October, the song is sung by a Peking choral group. Some of the other cuts on the same record include: "Down with the Anti-Party Clique of the Gang of Four," "Hail the Great Victory of the Crushing of the Anti-Party Clique," and "Everyone is Rejoicing over the Wiping Out of the Four Pests." *The Pittsburgh Press* (David Weekley)

● A Japanese woman has volunteered to mate with an ape who has been hailed as the "missing link."

Oliver, owned by New York lawyer Mike Miller, has forty-seven chromosomes, compared with forty-six in humans and forty-eight in apes. Miller felt that a human sexual partner would gratify his charge, the Japanese public's taste for titillation, and the cause of science.

Hiroko Tagawa, an out-of-work actress, has been hired for the stunt, which will take place in a Tokyo hotel room. She hopes the publicity will bring offers of film roles. *Source unknown* (Andrew Brenner)

THE MACHINE for your machine.

A cassette is a component of your sound system, not an accessory. This goes for all TDK cassettes, like the popular SA-Super Avilyn, a tape formulation that made great sound from the cassette format possible.

And we also make sure the cassettes themselves are made as well as the tape inside. So you get jam-proof, friction-free reliability from every cassette we make. That's why TDK cassettes are recommended by quality tape deck manufacturers for their machines. So get the best from your system by using our machine in your machine.



TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. In Canada: Superior Electronics Industries, Ltd.

The Carter Family



by Bob Bob Carter, the President's Cousin

Well, I hear as how there's been a deal of hoopla back there in the United States, what with cousin Jimmy Earl making every which law on account of some Yankee states sucking hind tit in the way of weather and also running out of gas (although why they can't just get out and walk to the closest filling station like anybody else is beyond me, cold out or not). And I hear there is to be a rebatement in the government income taxing that, if I understand it correct, means first they take it away and then they give it back. Sounds like feeding your chicken on eggs. But even so, if the government is going to give fifty dollars back to every one of us taxpayers, then I sure do hope every welfare nigger and no-account white trash food-stamper has to give fifty dollars back to the government. Seems only fair, as long as we got things running backwards. And then I hear Jimmy Earl plans to get rid of all those atomic rockets and bombs because of it turns out that they don't just kill Communists the way they were cracked up to in the 1950s, but also kill regular enslaved Russians who haven't done nothing to nobody. Then Jimmy's going to make the Communist Russians get rid of all their atomic rockets and bombs by telling them to either do so or get blown off the face of the earth, and then, everybody'll just fight with guns and knives the ordinary way like they're supposed to. (Although cousin Billy says we're going to keep two or three of those atom things downstairs in the Pentagon cellar sort of hidden there in case some fool country full of people starts to mouth off and it's too far away to plain shoot 'em all).

But I wouldn't know about any of that, as I have been at Bang-the-Desk, that country over towards India way where they all wear towels on their heads, if you will remember, where I got sent to economically advise as the result of me not being entirely wanted

continued on page 30

"Pull up your socks and taste this one, honey."

With these immortal words was born a drink as rare and unforgettable as its name, "Tijuana Cherry."

You take your basic shot of tequila, your basic half oz. of lemon juice and stir in a shot and a half of Peter Heering, the 49 proof cherry liqueur. Let the ice cool her off,

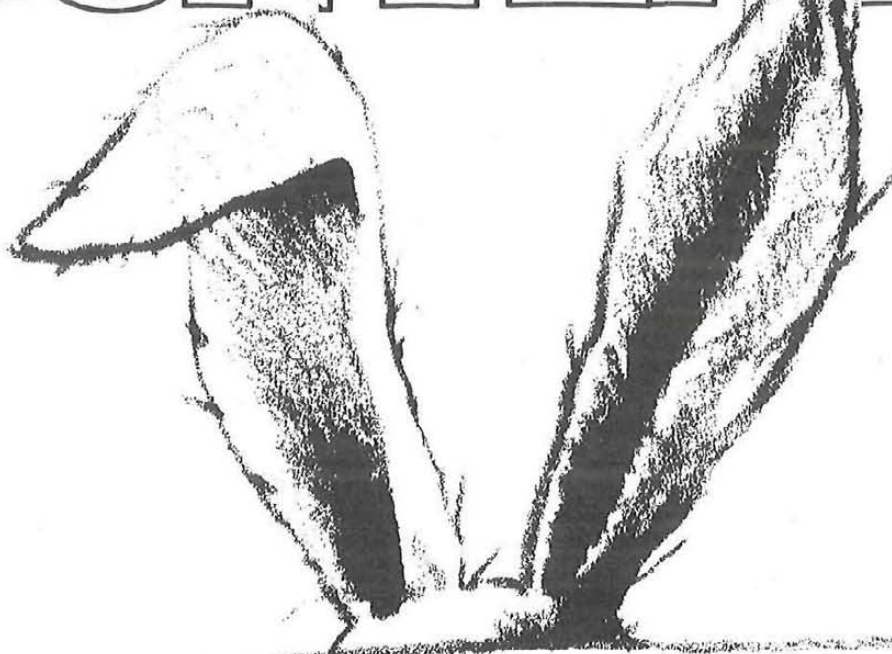
and you got something to tell the boys back at the base about.

Tijuana Cherry... once you've had one, you'll never forget it.



PETER HEERING
The cherry liqueur imported from Denmark

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WHERE we come from, a car is not made to drive you to the supermarket. A car is made to drive you to ecstasy. That the ecstasy happens on the way to the supermarket is incidental.

This attitude about driving led us in our early years to build sports cars. Over the first quarter of this



century, they became a legend around the racing circuits of Europe.

And to this day, we still build sports cars. Our classic convertible, the 124

AFTER 76 YEARS OF MAKING SPORTS CARS, IT'S HARD TO MAKE SOMETHING DULL.

Spider. And our mid-engine Fiat X1/9.

But as we got into the family car business we didn't leave this attitude behind.

As a result, our sedans drive quite unlike other sedans. There's a tightness, and a quickness, and a way they sit on the road that's uniquely Fiat.

How can a sedan feel like a sports car you ask? Only one way. Build it like one.

Both the 131 Sedan and

the 124 Spider have 5-speed synchromesh transmission. Both have twin overhead cam engines. Both have double-barrel carburetors. Both have front disc brakes. And both are a very special experience to drive.

After 76 years, we don't know any other way.

FIAT

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.



Canadian Corner



"Hello, Canada, and hockey fans in the United States!"

Well, I guess you all remember that that was the way "Hockey Night in Canada" used to start off each and every Saturday from coast to coast on the CBC, but maybe you don't, because maybe by the time you get to read this, there won't be any more Canada.

It seems the French-speaking people of the province of Quebec, in their headlong rush to nationalize everything, are resolved to nationalize themselves, and by electing the PQ party there have already caused an unsightly run to appear upon the seamless stocking of Confederation.

To many of us, it seems like only yesterday that the British trade attaché and others were being senselessly strangled in the trunks of cars all over Montreal, and yet a group standing for the same cause as the bloodthirsty FLQ has now received a majority of votes. It's enough to make one pause and reflect upon the volatile Gallic temperament, and the wisdom of hastening slowly in regard to granting self-government to certain groups, tribes, etc.

And one wonders whether the famed VanDoos, the French-speaking soldiers who gave their utmost for king and country during the war, aren't turning over in their graves in Flanders fields where poppies grow, in the words of the poet from Ontario.

It was obvious to those of us who holidayed in the Laurentian Mountains or motored through the Gaspé on our way to PEI during the fifties that something had to be done about Quebec. *Habitant*-whittled bookmarks and relics of Ste. Anne de Beaupré do not an economy make. La Belle Province aspired to the condition of a banana republic, but bananas do not thrive in those climes. To those of us who loved her toothless farmers and toothsome shop girls, it was obvious that Quebec must take the path of separatism. Only what we had in mind was the separation of church and state, rather than a Berlin wall between Hull and Ottawa.

But the young politicians of French extraction, their idealism possibly fired

by the inhaling of the cannibis sativa bushes which flourish in the ditches along the province's auto routes, moved too fast. They would not heed even the sage Hegel, who advised that between the thesis of feudalism and the synthesis of the dictatorship of the proles, there must needs be a long and pleasant antithesis, a halcyon period of bourgeois bootlicking and greasy prosperity. Oh, no! For no sooner had the last of the Grand Seigneurs, the lordly landlords along the Saguenay, expired of gout, than did René the Red take it upon himself to nationalize Hydro Quebec and start bussing the serfs' children to school.

Then the rest of the country, in a fit of benign overreaction, elected Trudeau, and it was all over but the graffiti. Lord knows we have tried to accommodate the legitimate aspirations of French Canada. The Toronto Maple Leafs traded Peter Mahovich to the Montreal Canadiens in the interests of integration. Elder statesman and spokesman for the oppressed English majority, the Right Honorable John George Diefenbaker, was himself officially censured by Parliament for his statement that Quebec was merely a Berlitz promotion campaign that had gotten out of hand. From BC to Cape Breton, good citizens bought and guzzled the odious products of Seagram's distilleries as a gesture of support for the Montreal Expos baseball team, which that company also owns. English-speaking Canadians grudgingly abandoned the trusty Fahrenheit and shifted to the Celsius system, a crude means of calculating the temperature favored by the French, who don't feel the cold like we do.

We willingly forgave the Frenchies for the expense of sending Canadian troops

in to keep order in their streets. We gritted our teeth and removed Her Majesty's portrait from our currency, and suffered the devaluation that followed. We shelled out bushels of Federal loot for the construction of the Mirabel airport, a hundred miles from nowhere in the heart of Quebec, where no planes would ever land, and even permitted its air traffic controllers to broadcast in French to the pilots of the planes that weren't landing there.

And in gratitude, the perfidious Pepsis elected a government sworn to independence.

What is to be done? Must more red Canadian blood be shed, as once it was upon the plains of Abraham (Lord God of Hosts, lest we forget) to teach Monsieur Grenoille a lesson? Must we resort to economic sanctions, a trade embargo on Robert Charlebois albums, asbestos, and other Quebecois natural resources? No!

Once before, the specter of a French nationalist victory stalked Quebec. And upon that occasion, even upon the eve of the election, the wise liberals filled armored Brinks trucks with all the bounty from the spacious vaults of every bank on St. James Street. The convoy was televised as these vehicles were driven to the Ontario border, and they kept their engines revving while the ballots were tallied. The separatists were resoundingly defeated.

Let us learn from history. The day before Monsewer Levesque's promised plebiscite on separatism takes place, let the call go forth from Parliament Hill, the call to patriotism and traditional Canadianism: "Let them Brinks trucks roll!" □



One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

You're going to spend \$300 for a receiver? And you never heard of PPR?

Stereo Receivers	Sugg. Ret.† Price	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity IHF '58	FM Sensitivity Stereo -50dB*
SA-5760	\$799.95	165 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.08%	1.8μV	35.7dBf
SA-5560	499.95	85 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV	36.2dBf
SA-5460	399.95	65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV	36.2dBf
SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9μV	37.2dBf
SA-5160	229.95	25 watts from 30Hz-20kHz	0.5	1.9μV	37.2dBf
SA-5060	169.95	12 watts from 40Hz-20kHz	0.9	2.0μV	38.2dBf

†Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

*New IHF '75 standard

PPR is price performance relationship. And we feel it's a meaningful way of judging a receiver because it can tell you how much power, technology and performance you're getting for your money.

And when you look at our price performance relationship it's easy to see why your next receiver should be a Technics.

Of course, we want you to listen to our receivers. Especially since all six have the reserve power to float through complex musical passages with a minimum of distortion and clipping. And they all have rugged transformers. Bridged rectifiers. As well as high-capacitance filtering.

Play a record. You'll hear it the way it was recorded. Quietly and with greater dynamic range. Because we use an overload-resistant 3-stage IC in the phono equalizer sections.

Tune in an FM station. Even a weak one. In addition to hearing all the music, you'll also get increased stereo separation. Negligible distortion. And a minimum of noise. Thanks to flat group delay filters and Phase Locked Loop IC's in the tuner sections.

So if you'd like to know a simple way to discover just some of the reasons why a Technics receiver is so good... it's as easy as PPR.

All cabinetry simulated wood.

Technics

by Panasonic



● A standard joke became a macabre reality in Tehran when a forty-three-year-old farmer died of shock after receiving a hospital bill.

Karam Gholampour was hospitalized with a heart ailment. The day of his release, he collapsed and died after being handed a \$1,500 bill for his ten-day hospital stay. *The Stars and Stripes* (J.J. Howard)

● The rape crisis center at Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta was recently moved to a more secure location than its former headquarters, on the fifteenth floor of the hospital.

An employee of the center was raped there. *Toledo Blade* (K.J. Kev)

● An unusual shoplifting incident occurred in London, England, during the last Christmas season.

A little old lady collapsed in a supermarket, and was subsequently diagnosed by an ambulance attendant as suffering from extreme cold. She was found to have hidden a frozen chicken under her large, veiled hat. *The Los Angeles Times* (E. Fife)

● Rudolph Martinez runs a printing shop in Sacramento, California, that advertises, "We print everything except money."

He was recently arrested by Secret Service agents and held on \$50,000 bail. The charge? Printing counterfeit twenty-dollar bills. *The New York Times* (Hilary Solomon)

● The town of Metulla, near the Israeli-Lebanese border, was recently the scene of an anti-rabies campaign, in which local authorities spread meat and fish laced with strychnine throughout the town. Many pet owners did not see the warning notices, and let their cats and dogs run free. They were understandably dismayed when their pets keeled over, and were carted off to the municipal garbage dump.

The next morning, owners were amazed when their "dead" pets staggered home again. Most had survived, spending the night sound asleep at the dump. *Jerusalem Post* (Charles J. Levine)

Ten dollars in cash will be given for items used. Send entries to True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. In the event of duplications, the earliest postmark is selected.

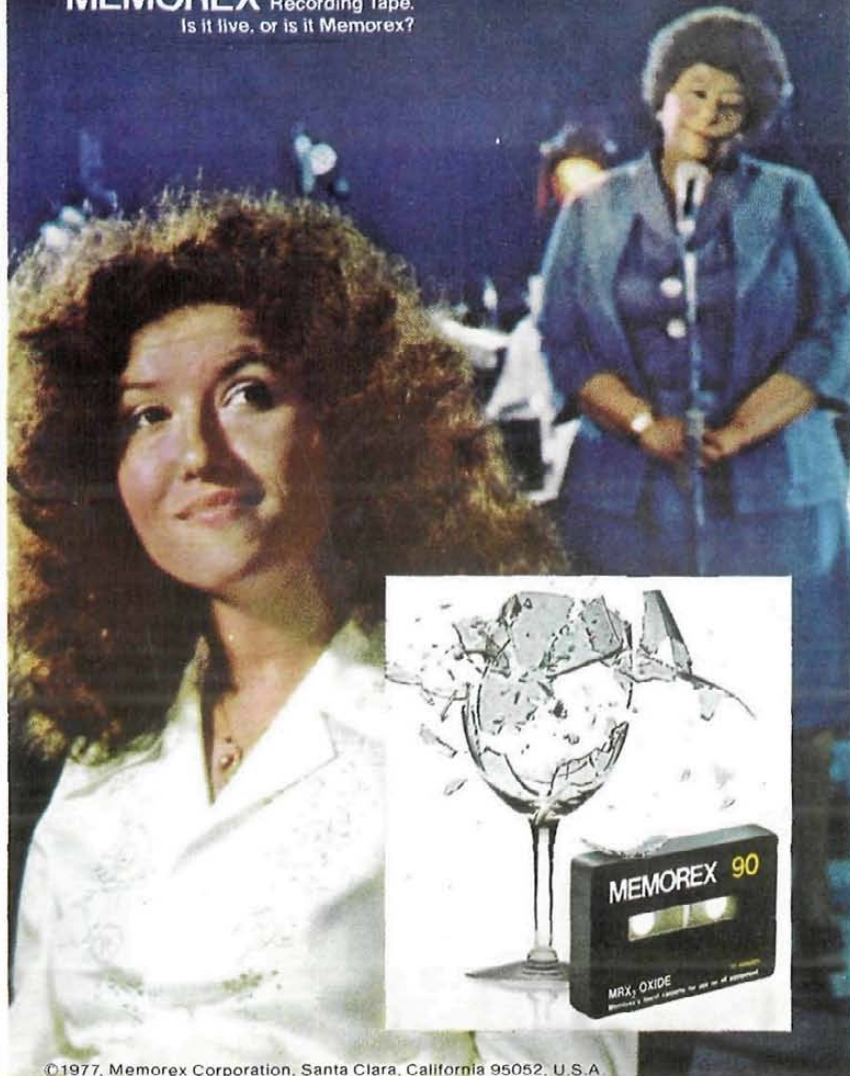
Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?

We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX₂ Oxide?

It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell. It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?



© 1977, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052, U.S.A.



Sirs:
Is the plural of *hard-on hardons*, or *hards-on*?

Erica Jong
Long Island, New York

Sirs:
And while you're at it, why don't you suck mah Jong.

Hua Kuo-feng
Jong Kong, China

Sirs:
I have been following with interest the controversy surrounding me in the nation's press, but until now, I have seen no letters from myself in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

Rupert Murdoch
The Big Corner Office
New York Post
Check enclosed.

Sirs:
What's a piss freak? I get letters from them all the time. On your stationery, I might add.

Ann Landers
Ames, Iowa

Sores:
Sure, eet's a bommer being blind, but you don't need to *see* a hand chob.
Jorge Luis "Gorgeous Jorge" Borges
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Sirs:
Birds do it, even drunken Kurds do it
Ordinary turds do it;
Let's do it,
Let's fall from grace.

Daniel F Berrigan
Pink Pussy Lounge
Combat Zone, Boston

Sirs:
Listen, I seen this movie on TV, *The Entebbe Story*. Those guys that came in and rescued all those people, they were Jews, right? I mean, those

guys that came in and took those people away from the Africans, they were Jews? It just doesn't make sense. Every Jew I ever met was afraid of niggers.

Arthur Beerhall-Bum
Bells of Hell Bar
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Rochester, oh Rochester! Please turn the light on. It's dark as pitch in here.... Hmmmm. No answer. That's funny, I could have sworn yesterday was his day off. Oh, well....

Jack Benny
Forest Lawn, Calif.

Sirs:
How about this: *tiger*. Then give the

by the handicapped? I mean, what's with all these ramps and Braille marks and wheelchair toilets? Does the government know something we don't? Are we all going to be handicapped soon?

Andy Dump
Cape Trout, Mass.

PJ:
Listen, there's a rumor floating around the office. God knows how these things get started, but they do. Anyway, the rumor has it that we might be bought up by Tonka, the toy company. They're looking to acquire another toy company, I suppose. In any case, to avoid panicking the plant life, I think it might be a good idea to ease up on the ip-nay okes-jay while negotiations are in progress. Later on, we can rip their zippers open to the way things are done here in America.

TM



Sirs:
You white folk may think it's a big laugh when people are named for parts of the human anatomy. Well, it's not.
Urethra Franklin
Motown, Mich.

Sirs:
Put your head on my soldiers,
Whisper soft to me,
baby,
Words I want to hear,
baby,
Put your head on my soldiers.

Idi Amin
Entebbe, Uganda

Sirs:
Barthelme, Barthelme mucho.
Donald Barthelme
Spanish Harlem, New York

Sirs:
I didn't really die. I just wanted out of my contract. I'll be back on NBC next season.
Judith Lowry
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:
You know what I found under Jack Ford's bed? A rubber! A real rubber. The kind you use on girls. It was wrapped up in foil and everything. A real rubber. I'm not kidding.

Chip Carter
The White House

P.S. Jack Ford must have worked in a gas station, huh?

definition as "a five-hundred-pound pussy that eats you." Oops! Wrong magazine. *Ouch! Ouch!! Don't hit me! Ouch!!! Don't hit me anymore! Please don't hit me anymore! Please! Ouch! I thought this was Playboy! Ouch!! Ouch!!!...*

Dan Greenburg
Leather Bar Harbor, Maine

Sirs:
Quiet Days in Cliché? Or have we used that joke already?
Henry Miller
Economy-Sized Sur, Calif.

Sirs:
How come all these public facilities are being fixed up so they can be used



Introducing Le Car

In Europe, where driving is a passion, where people demand economy, performance and a car that's fun to drive, over one million people have bought Le Car. Now, a proven success, Le Car comes to America.

Les Features

Le Car is a sports car with a back seat. With front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials standard, it offers fantastic handling, cornering and traction.

Le Performance

Le Car will not bore you. During 1976, it took first in its class in 12 out of 16 races, beating Hondas, Datsuns, Pintos, Vegas, Toyotas, and Fiats. Le Car combines great performance with 41 MPG highway, 25 MPG city.* *Remember:* These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. *California excluded

Le Fantastic Ride

Unlike other little cars, Le Car rides so smoothly, even on rough roads, it'll amaze you.

Le City Car

Le Car maneuvers in and out of, around and through traffic. And it fits in a smaller parking space than the Honda, Chevette or Rabbit.

Le Price

Le Car prices* start at only \$3345.† Call 800-631-1616 for nearest dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

†P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices slightly higher in the West. Renault U.S.A., Inc. ©1977



Le Car by Renault 

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GREAT F
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OR THE E GOOD

There are a lot of good loudspeakers around these days. Especially if you're going to pay \$100 or \$150. Some are really good. Some are really good.

But good isn't great.
Introducing Bolivar Speaker Works.
We make two loudspeakers. Both are 3-way bookshelf systems. One is \$150; the other \$114. Both are really efficient. (Twice as efficient as the current leader in that price range.) You won't need a big receiver to get a big sound.

The enclosures are the same kind used for expensive loudspeakers, but we finished them in a warm-toned vinyl. No fancy wood veneers. We put the money in the sound.

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Bolivar Speaker Works, Bolivar, Tennessee 38008



Accutrac. The turntable with eyes.



Introducing Accutrac.
The only turntable in the world that lets you tell an LP which selections you want to hear, the order you want to hear them in, even how many times you want to hear each one.

Sounds like something out of the 21st century, doesn't it? Well, as a result of Accutrac's electro-optics, computer programming and direct drive capabilities, you can have it today.

Just imagine you want to hear cuts 5, 3 and 7 in that order. Maybe you even want to hear cut 3 twice, because it's an old favorite. Simply press buttons 5, 3, 3 again, then 7. Accutrac's unique infra-red beam, located in the tonearm head, scans the record surface. Over the recorded portion the beam scatters but over the smooth surface between selections the infra-red light is reflected back to the tonearm, directing it to follow your instructions.



What's more, it can do this by cordless remote control, even from across the room.

The arm your fingers never have to touch.

Since Accutrac's tonearm is electronically directed to the record, you never risk dropping the tonearm accidentally and scratching a record, or damaging a stylus.

And, since it cues electronically, too, you can interrupt your listening and then pick it up again in the same groove, within a fraction of a revolution. Even the best damped cue lever can't provide such accuracy. Or safety.

What you hear is as incredible as what you see.

Because the Accutrac servo-motor which drives the tonearm is decoupled the instant the stylus goes into play, both horizontal and vertical friction are virtually eliminated. That means you get the most accurate tracking possible and the most faithful reproduction.

You also get wow and flutter at a completely inaudible 0.03% WRMS. Rumble at -70 dB (DIN B). A tracking force of a mere 3/4 gram. And tonearm resonance at the ideal 8-10 Hz.

The Accutrac 4000 system. When you see and hear what it can do, you'll never be satisfied owning anything else.

**Its father was a turntable.
Its mother was a computer.**

The Accutrac™ 4000



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Several People Eat Bugs!

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No cow too scared
for us to attack.

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SERVING THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SINCE 1975

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OSCARS SPARK AD HOC KUDOS, ARK LARK

In a ceremony full of surprises, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has announced its yearly Oscar awards for films made in 1976.

Chief among the shocks was the near total sweep of the principal awards by the movie *In Search of Noah's Ark*. The film, considered by many critics and Hollywood-watchers to be a cheap bit of sensationalistic jerkoff bullshit science fiction pseudodocumentary crap, won awards in the Best Picture, Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Photography, Best Screenplay, Best Music, Best Rain Sequence, Best Awesome View of a Mountain, Best Cuddly Animals at Play Sequence, Best Special Effects, and Best Love Theme Utterly Unrelated to the Rest of the Movie categories.

The reaction of the crowd at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium to the repeated announcements of *Ark's* triumphs was one of stunned silence. So unexpected was this outcome that the pit orchestra had no sheet music from which to play the movie's theme—a fanfare which traditionally accompanies the acceptance of the awards. In desperation, several musicians hastily stood on their chairs and sang, in la-la-la's, what little of the theme they could recall.

Midway in the proceedings, an impromptu intermission was announced, a first for the Awards. When the ceremony resumed, host Bob Hope announced that, following an emergency meeting of the principal members of the Academy, several new categories had been instituted and their respective winners selected. These included the following:



Rocky loses to nautical *Patriarch* by unanimous Academy decision. Says ex-star Stallone: "I coulda been a contender, instead of a bum—which is what I am, let's face it!"

Best Movie Starring a Giant Gorilla: *King Kong*. Best Movie Featuring the Transportation of a Giant Gorilla across a Large Body of Water: *King Kong*. Best Movie About a Jewish Female Rock Star: *A Star is Born*. Best

Adaptation of a Previous Movie with, Really, Pertinent and Contemporary Updatings: *A Star is Born*. Best Father-Daughter Performance in the Same Movie: Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal, Nick-

elodeon. Best Use of the Superbowl in a Movie (American): *Two-Minute Warning*. Most No-Holds Barred Satire Concerning Television and How It Dehumanizes People and Everything: *Network*.

HAVE YOU PLAYED A MARTIN MULL SONG TODAY?



Martin's latest album features nine new songs, each a definitive example of what's happening in the musical market place. The themes explored are perverse sexual activity, money, and alcoholism. What could be more commercial?

Pre-release copies of the album have already been shipped to Warsaw where they're awaiting the arrival of the first record player.

Try *I'm Everyone I've Ever Loved*. You'll see why.

MARTIN MULL I'm Everyone I've Ever Loved



On ABC Records
and GRT Tapes

Produced by Michael Cuscuna
(Martin Mull is an equal opportunity
employer.)

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Francine X. Flotsky— First Fighting Lesbian Episcopal Bishop

America's highest church has never been higher than it was last Sunday when His Eminence Archbishop Tynsdale Babbit, venerable (109 years young come Whitsun) primate of stateside Anglicanism, raised and consecrated to the office of bishop Francine Xaviera Flotsky, female priest and self-styled pervert.

Only months ago, controversy had surrounded the ordination of Ms. Flotsky, seven other women, two altar boys, and a holy water font by the same Archbishop Babbit, the deaf and blind spiritual leader of the nation's more than 300

Episcopal parishoners.

Now, in a move calculated, she explained, "to modify the church's outmoded prejudice against sin," Ms. ("Call me Father") Flotsky has, for the first time "suffered the laying on of hands, however senile, which are male."

The new bishop endured the sacrament "for the sake of my mission to the homosexual outcasts of society, the wretched and forgotten, movie stars, politicians, boutique owners, and best-selling authors."

In what diocese, asked an attending reporter, would Francine be assuming her bishopric?

"Bishop *what?*" snapped Her Excellency, and delivered a resounding slap to the cheek of the journalist, thereby confirming his beliefs.

Speaking of Clerical Errors:



Her Eminence EX. Flotsky, newly consecrated lesbian bishop, offers a simple prayer: "Forgive them, Mother, for they know not who they do!" Feet belong to Bishop Flotsky's good friend, known only as "Her Grace."

Carter's Cardigan: A Sit-Commie Plot

Washington, D.C.—The cardigan sweater worn by Jimmy Carter in his first “fireside chat” is, according to White House insiders, a vital and totally ignored clue to an important political decision by the Carter White House.

Far from being a symbol of personal sacrifice in the face of the unusually cold winter, the “sweater bit,” as the White House Press Office privately calls it, is the first in a regular pattern of “total control over the personal and family image of President Carter, to reflect as totally as possible the image of one of the most beloved American families of all time—Ozzie, Harriet, Rick, and Dave Nelson.”

In a reluctant explanation, White House TV Advisor Barry Jagoda detailed the plan.

“We got Jimmy into the White House by selling what? His platform, his ideas? No,

pal. It was the town, the mother, the kid, the church, the whole *schmeer*. Now that he's president, now that he *has* to make decisions, we've got to move to protect his ass.”

The idea, according to Jagoda, is to feed the appetite of the American public for endearing, warm-hearted family personalities by developing a weekly scenario for the entire Carter family (or, as Jagoda refers to it, the “family plot”). The brilliant Hollywood team of Persky-Denoff (*The Girl With Something Extra*, *The Montefuscos*) has been signed to a White House development deal, in association with Universal-TV.

“We picked ‘Ozzie and Harriet.’” Jagoda says, “because of two reasons: first, they're lovable, and second, nothing ever happened on the show.”

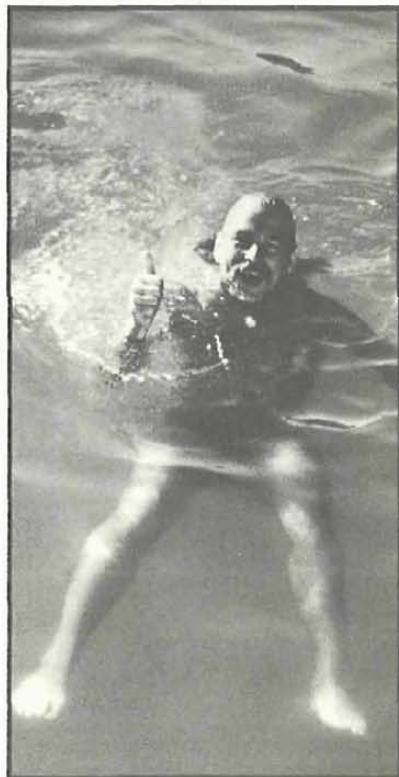
The Ozzie and Harriet strategy also explains why Carter's two grown sons have moved into the White House. “Rick and Dave, pal, Rick and Dave. Wait'll you hear Chip Carter start playing his guitar before cabinet meetings.” Eight-year-old Amy Carter is, Jagoda says, “the daughter the Nelsons never had. Call her a throw-in.”

In coming weeks, as the Ozzie and Harriet ploy develops, Amy will break a tooth; Jimmy will teach Jack how to change a diaper; and Rosalynn will burn the roast after Jimmy forgets to tell her he's bringing Hua Kuo-feng home for dinner.

For Jimmy Buffett the climate is right.

Jimmy's been floating to the surface for some time now. The critical establishment considers him one of those special performers who falls into the category occupied by artists like Nilsson, Newman, and Kristofferson. And with each succeeding album his public acclaim has grown considerably — even the First Lady has been seen sporting a Jimmy Buffett/Coral Reefer t-shirt.

Now he has a new album that's getting rave reviews. And he'll be appearing with the Eagles on a major Spring concert tour. With all the momentum he's built, the time has finally come for Reefer madness.



Changes In Latitudes, Changes In Attitudes. From Jimmy Buffett and His Coral Reefer Band. On ABC Records and GRT Tapes.

Produced by Norbert Putnam



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Printed in U.S.A.

Dolphins Attack

San Diego—Scientists are alarmed over the weekend attack and take-over of a tuna boat by a band of dolphins. From the hospital bed where he is recovering from fin lacerations, a lone survivor of the attack described to reporters what had happened.

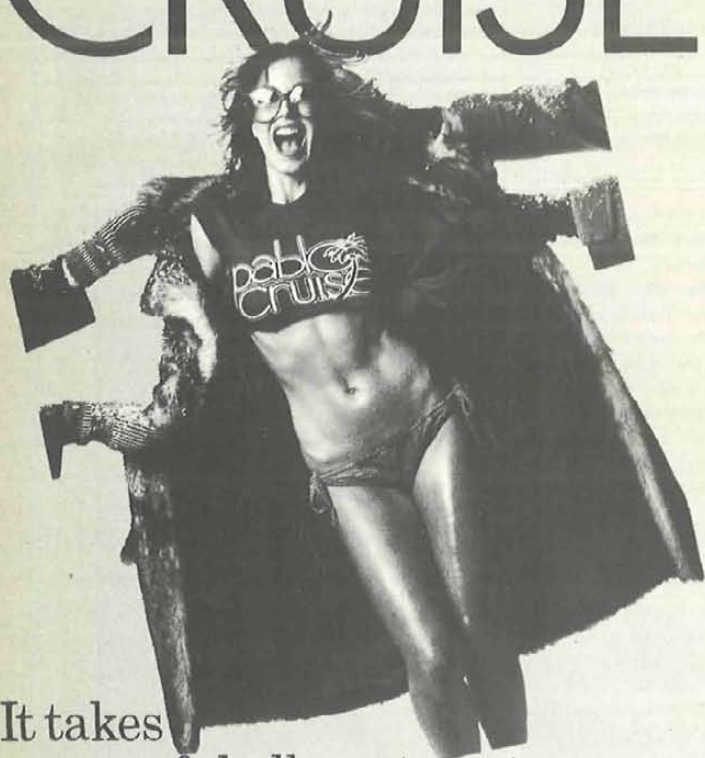
“We were pulling in the tuna nets, when all of a sudden, these dolphins leap out of the water and begin slapping us with their fins and poking us with their noses. After they

killed everyone but the captain and me, they made Bill (Captain William Harvey) jump through a hoop.” The dolphins freed the tuna catch and sailed the boat to San Diego, where they beached it

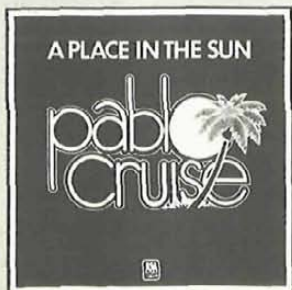
and fled. “We may be on the verge of total war with these very intelligent animals,” Dr. Oscar Trench, director of marine study for the U.S. Navy, told reporters.

In a related story, the Navy is investigating reports that a group of dolphins have salvaged a sunken Russian submarine equipped with nuclear warheads.

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It takes
a powerful album to put a group
where they
deserve to be. **"A PLACE
IN THE SUN"**



On A&M Records & Tapes



Would You Buy a Karma From This Woman?

New Delhi—In a speech today outside Government House, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi announced the inauguration of a new nationwide "passive existence" program that she clearly hopes will ensure victory for her ruling Congress Party in the upcoming elections here.

Speaking to a smallish crowd of 2.5 million, almost all bussed in at government expense, the prime minister proclaimed that the program was based on the teachings of "my very, very dear, very, very old friend, Mahatma Gandhi."

The three main principles of the program, dubbed respectively the *bovine*, *iodine*, and *supine* principles, are as follows. The first is "the emulation of the sacred cow in her manner of operations, striving as she does at all times for a perfect peacefulness of quiet contentment." The second is "the willing surrendering of such sensitively important matters as voting and the likeness to those esteemed persons the prime minister appoints for the purpose of executing their most delicate carrying out."

By far the most unusual part of the speech was that in which Mrs. Gandhi outlined the *supine*

principle. In a spirited explanation of this facet of the plan, she instructed the people to reduce all exertions to a minimum, apparently so that they may require lesser quantities of resources already in drastically short supply, principally food and water.

At the end of her speech, the prime minister warned the crowd against the counsel of "false prophets who promise nirvana but give nothing," making it quite plain that these "false prophets" were officials of the opposition party, strengthened by defections from her own cabinet. In closing, she exhorted the people to "embrace passive existence and help Mother India by lying down at once until this distress is passed over." The reference to a period of "distress" was generally interpreted as meaning election month, and the mention of "Mother India" was thought to refer to Mrs. Gandhi herself.

Profit For Eastern Airlines

Miami—Eastern Airlines has announced that it will post a \$41 million profit this year. That figure is in contrast to last year's loss of nearly \$27 million. Eastern president and former astronaut Frank Borman said that the improved profit picture is directly due to "cost cuts and selling passenger's luggage and personal effects."

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**It's Your Move...
BOB SEGER
and The Silver
Bullet Band
NIGHT MOVES**

**His Latest Album On
Capitol Records and Tapes**



COMIC MUGS HEAD, SLAYS BRAIN, SELF

Freddie Prinze, the comedian who rose from the mean streets of New York *barrio* to become a Hollywood star with his own series and a beach house and a big car he'd let you drive down to the pharmacy and everything, did not commit suicide, as was reported in the press.

Sources close to the truth revealed to *The National* recently that Prinze died while holding himself up for enough "bread" to "score" the pills his multi-dollar-a-day habit craved. Freddie apparently refused to play along with the struggle, there was a struggle, and the gun fired into his right temple. The bullet passed clear through Prinze's head, and by a million-to-one fluke of bad luck, struck the young jester's brain. A psychiatrist who was in the neighborhood at the time of the fatal mugging commented that in his opinion, the attack had been due to chronic anal regressive schizophrenia due to narcotic abuse. "Freddie was half Puerto Rican and half Hungarian," he explained, "and what happened here was that the spic half, driven crazy with drugs, turned on the Bohunk half. He probably thought he was standing on the corner of 110th and Lenox, saw this pushy, self-pitying, rich honky

kid from the suburbs waddling down the street, and decided to ice him. Happens all the time."

When asked why he had not intervened in the attack, the analyst said: "Curing people

of their hang-ups is one thing, but getting involved in a mugging is another." He added in the amusing way cultivated by L.A. shrinks, "You might say, 'Eze not my chob!'"



Freddie Prinze's Head Shot.

CBS Announces Jack Albertson to Star in New Series

The CBS television network announced today that Jack Albertson, the late Freddie Prinze's costar, has been signed to star in a new series set to premiere as soon as possible. The series, which is entitled "...and the Man," is built around the day-to-day adventures of a crusty old man who runs an auto repair shop, and whose chief assistant, a Mexican mechanic, has just committed suicide.

Whooping Cranes Killed Off

New Orleans—Claiming that they were “just plain worn out and tired” of protecting the endangered whooping cranes, Audubon Society and Wildlife officials today shot the last thirty-six birds.

“I know I speak for all of us when I say that it has been a frus-

trating twenty-five years. We just couldn't take the worry, the work, and the heart-break any longer,” Walker Smith, spokesman for the group, said. Similar measures are being discussed for the California condor, puma, wolverine, bald eagle, and pronghorn antelope.

Terminal Flatulence Foundation Comes to Aid of Natural Gas Shortage

The distinguished Board of Directors of the Terminal Flatulence Foundation (“TF—it's not to be sniffed at”) have offered their services to President Carter to alleviate the natural gas shortage.

Kate Smith, Sarah Caldwell, Robert Morley, and Orson Welles have volunteered to attach themselves to the key pipelines around the country and provide a steady, round-the-clock supply of this desperately needed source of energy.

Kate Smith's efforts will be called *Philadelphia Flyers*, Sarah Caldwell's, *Brass and Woodwinds*, Robert Morley's are *British Airways*, and Orson Welles's are named *Chimes at Midnight*.

If there's any let-down among the mighty foursome, there will be a tremendous team of back-ups in every area. Ready to take over are: Bella Abzug (*Bella's Bangers*), Jimmy Breslin (*Breslin's Bombers*), Al Hirt (*Hirt's Hummers*), David Merrick (*Merrick's Monsters*), and many, many more. The TF people predict that its board and committee members can fill the country's needs for another fifty years.

KKK CHANGES NAME

Birmingham, Alabama—In an effort to boost flagging membership, the Ku Klux Klan has changed its name to the “Nigger and Jew Haters' Club.”

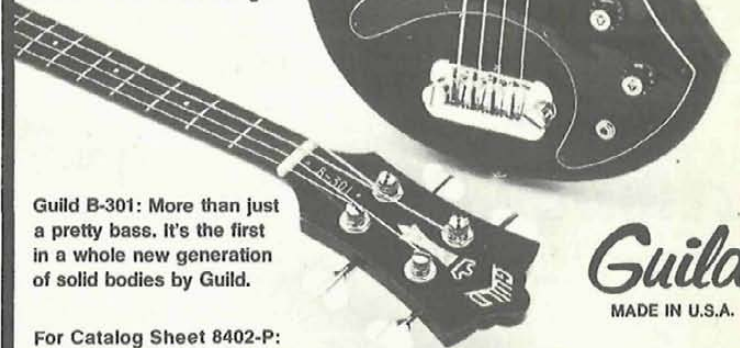
“The old name was too vague,” A Klan spokesman said. “People want to know up front what you're all about.” It was also announced that the Klan will abandon its trademark—the white robe and hood—for a more contemporary look of white leisure suits and stocking caps.

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The Great New Long Scale Bass!

Throw away your ideas of what a bass should be like, because this is the one for now! Wide frets, curved fingerboard, Schaller M-4 machines, new pick-up, new solid brass bridge/tailpiece that gives you perfect intonation. Available fretless at no extra charge.



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For Catalog Sheet 8402-P:

Guild Guitars, 225 West Grand Street, Elizabeth, NJ 07202. A Division of Avnet, Inc.

The Minox[®] 110S, sophisticated but uncomplicated.

The Minox 110S has a unique combination of features found on no other pocket camera.

It has an automatic electronic shutter that makes it a cinch to take properly exposed photos, with speeds from 1/1000 to 4 seconds. You control the aperture. Rangefinder focusing from 2 feet to infinity. And for correct flash exposures, the aperture is coupled to the rangefinder.

The brightline viewfinder has automatic parallax compensation. It displays the aperture setting and warning lights for long or over-

exposure. And the f/2.8 lens is superbly sharp.

But for all its advanced engineering, The Minox 110S is still a true pocket camera. It's only 5 X 2 X 1", and weighs five ounces — less than any rangefinder pocket camera.

For the name and address of your nearest Minox dealer, contact Minox U.S.A., division of E. Leitz, Inc., Rockleigh, N.J. 07647. Dept. NL3.

Minox U.S.A.



4726

If Thy Right Wing Offend Thee

Justice Department lawyers may have enough evidence to prosecute alleged ultraconservative right-wingers within the FBI. It appears that rightist agents may have behaved wrongly over a period of ten years.

Acting in concert to enforce unwritten laws under the umbrella of a hearsay constitution.

Historian Discovers Name Change

Rome—An Illinois historian, Dr. Frederick Moon, has uncovered evidence that Amerigo Vespucci's real name was Wally Amundsen. According to Dr. Moon, Amundsen emigrated to Italy, and changed his name to Vespucci to avoid the ill sentiments Italians held for Finns. This new evidence has serious implications

for the United States, North America, and South America, which should actually be called the United States of Wally, North Wally, and South Wally. Singer Kate Smith said, upon hearing of the discovery, "Discovery or no discovery, I'm not going to sing 'God Bless Wally!'"

NANNY GET YOUR GUN

Washington, D.C.—Mary Fitzpatrick, the convicted murderess currently charged with the care of Amy Carter, the president's transvestite son, is being promoted next month.

Miss Fitzpatrick will supervise Amy's new Nanny, Pearl "The Snake" Ortise, who was convicted in 1971 of rape and felonious assault, in 1972 of drunkenness, forgery, and grand theft (train), and most recently, in 1977, of first degree

murder, sodomy, and shoplifting.

When questioned by *The National*, Ortise excused her crimes on the grounds that she was drunk at the time most were committed. "Doan you worry 'bout little Amy. I take good care of him," she said.

the agents reportedly attempted to impose Ivy League dress codes, fraternity honors systems, and prep school speech patterns on members of the Black Panthers, Weatherpeople, and others.

Some agents actually insisted that appearing after seven without a jacket was a violation of federal law. "If you do not have a sport coat of your own," said one,

"many restaurants will provide one for you."

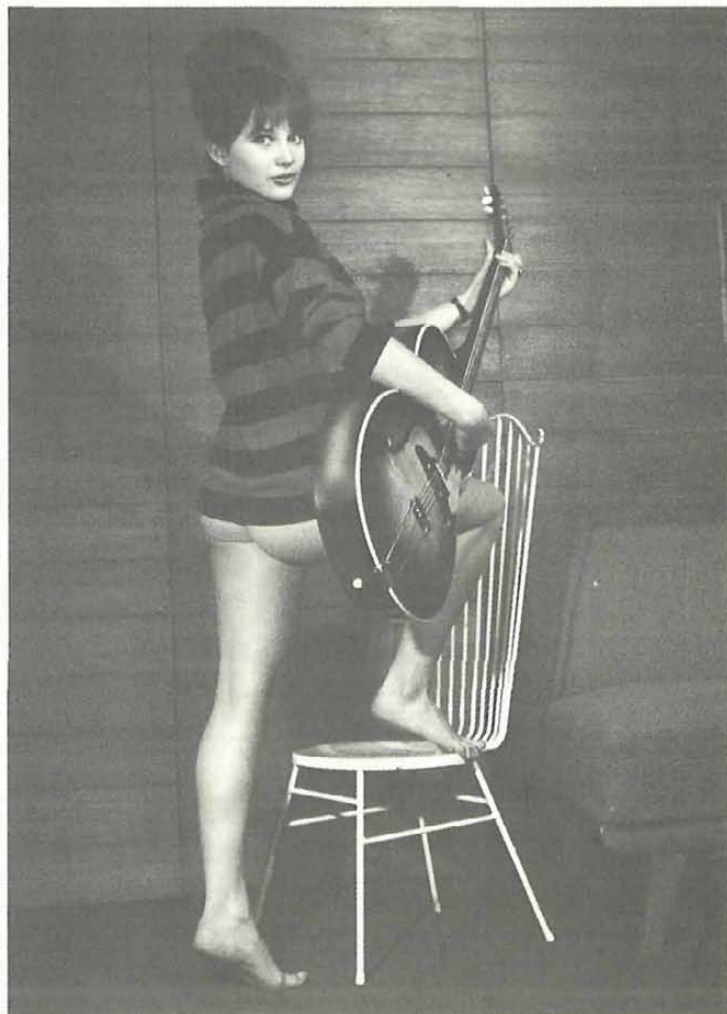
Accusations of FBI misconduct date back to the early sixties, when H. Rap Brown accused agents of forcing him to spoon soup away from him and denying him his right to speak with his mouth full.

Later, Weatherperson Bernadine Dorhn reported she had been slapped on the hand for

eating salad with an oyster fork, and then was verbally abused by agents for smoking before others at the table had finished eating.

Justice Department lawyers are now arguing that it is ruder to impose manners on others than it is to commit a breach thereof. Attorney General Edward Levi is expected to decide on the matter later this month.

BACH TO BASICS



Julliard graduate "Barbi" puts the finishing touches on her guitar transcription of Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain." Her secret? Tuning with an open G-string, natch.

*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



Box: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE COMEDY ALBUM WITH A COS!

BILL COSBY

MY FATHER
CONFUSED ME...
WHAT MUST I DO?
WHAT MUST I DO?



Listen to Bill's latest collection of fourteen new Cosby commentaries ranging from the English language to how mothers enunciate when they're mad, funny fathers and the dentist. The laughs have been captured "live" in Las Vegas, produced by Stu Gardner.



THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 14

in the White House for a while because of some shot-up Secret Servicemen and a snake-bit tour guide and one or two other little things (that if you read what I write regular, you'd know about anyway) that caused cousin Jimmy Earl to decide I had better take some foreign work overseas.

Bang-the-Desk

This country don't amount to a pile of dead bugs—it's just a big crowd of muddy-colored near-naked dirty people starving around all over the place. And *smell??* Jesus, does it smell! You'd rather eat a bite of cow flop than breathe a breath of their air here. This the worst damn place I've ever been in my life, and I've lived in Washington, D.C.

They've got this General President fellow Abu Something-or-Other Mohammed This-and-That (Old Unspellable, I call him) who's the ugly little south end of an ant-heap I'm supposed to advise. First thing I advised him to do was find me a decent damn place to sleep or I'd jam his face up his own butt-hole. Excuse my French. And he found me a couple of half-clean rooms all right, though I think he had to shoot one of his wives to do it. Fortunately, I'd brought along some tinned beef and a fifty-five-gallon drum of my favorite home-cooked Gee-Chee Scamp Walker Bull-Wrestling Whiskey, so I was tolerably fed (you wouldn't shit what they eat for food around here). And, as soon as I had cleaned and loaded up a .44, some rifles, and the sawed-off twelve gauge in case of any uppityness that should arise, I set about to do what I could to get this economy that they've got here fixed up along the lines of the prosperous good times which we have always had in my own native state of Georgia, where a man is free to make his living without a bunch of unions or practically naked starving people getting in his way.

First, I made them all put some clothes on. You can't expect to do much better than starve if you're going to run around like a naked red Indian savage. That's how the red Indians lost all that Indian fighting. They'd run around without any clothes on and get all tired from being scratched up and having thorns in their feet and all, and the U.S. Cavalry would just ride right up and blow 'em away with a horse pistol. So I got

continued on page 89

ARANDAS TEQUILA "KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR" PRIZES

1ST PRIZE:

The Marantz Dream System

RUNNERS-UP:

- (10) Marantz 2230-B Receivers
- (10) pairs of Marantz HD-66 Speakers
- (10) Marantz 5020 Cassette Decks
- (10) Marantz 6200 Turntables
- (25) Marantz SE-1S Headphones
- Plus 500 Arandas Tequila T-shirts that invite you to play around.

OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. On official entry form or plain piece of 3" x 5" paper, hand print your name and address. Mail entry to: Arandas Tequila "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8067, Blair, Nebraska 68009, in hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/2" by 9 1/2" (#10 envelope).
2. Be sure to indicate on your entry the number of times the name "Arandas" appears on any bottle of Arandas White or Arandas Oro Tequila.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all entries received by May 31, 1977, by the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately.
4. This sweepstakes is open to residents of U.S.A., except employees of Maidstone Wine and Spirits Inc., their advertising and sweepstakes agencies, and the families of each. This sweepstakes void in Missouri, Pennsylvania and wherever else prohibited by law. Void via retail participation in Wisconsin and Maryland. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes on any prize are sole responsibility of prize winner. No substitution for prize permitted. All prizes will be awarded.
5. For names of major prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: "Knock You On Your Ear" Sweepstakes Winners' List, P.O. Box 8101, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

ARANDAS TEQUILA
"KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR" SWEEPSTAKES.
P.O. BOX 8067
BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

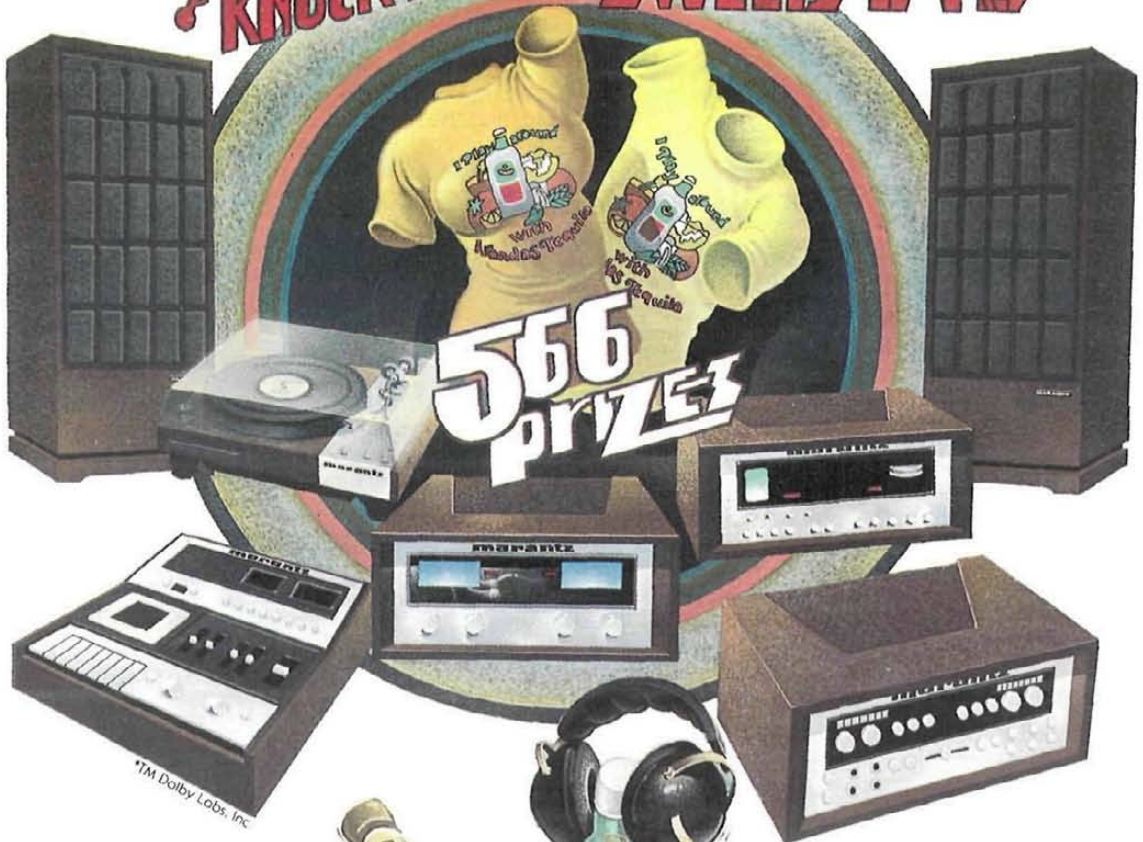
WHICH ARANDAS BOTTLE DID YOU USE FOR YOUR ANSWER (CHECK ONE)
ARANDAS WHITE _____ ARANDAS ORO _____
HOW MANY TIMES DOES THE NAME "ARANDAS" APPEAR? _____

NL

80 Proof True Tequila Imported by Maistone Wine & Spirits, Inc., Los Angeles, Ca.

ARANDAS TEQUILA

KNOCK YOU ON YOUR EAR SWEEPSTAKES



If you can read, you can win the world's greatest sound by Marantz.

Some lucky person is about to win the Marantz "Dream System": eight top-of-the-line components that add up to the greatest sound you ever heard. (1) 510M Professional Stereo Power Amplifier with an incredible 256 Watts RMS per channel. (2) 3800 Professional Stereo Preamplifier, the ideal distortion-free "control center." (3) 150 AM/FM Stereo Tuner with built-in oscilloscope display. (4) 6300 DC Servo Direct Drive Turntable. (5&6) HD-88 High Definition Speaker Systems.

(7) 5420 Stereo Cassette Deck, with Dolby.* (8) SE-15 Electrostatic Headphones. That's the Marantz Dream System...and it could be yours.

Plus 565 other prizes for 565 lucky runners-up! Check the page at left for full listing.

Okay, now. What do you have to do? Simply "read" any bottle of Arandas Tequila, either White or extra-mellow Arandas Oro. To qualify, just tell us how many times the name "Arandas" appears (look closely, now).

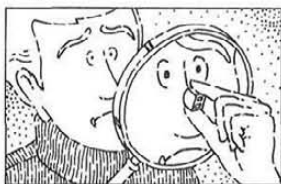
There's no purchase necessary. So run, don't walk, to your nearest bottle of Arandas, white or gold. Check the sweepstakes rules and mail us your entry blank. Good luck.

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



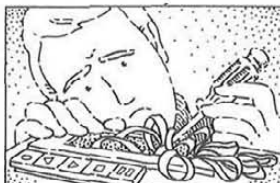
HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell is the only tape that has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack



JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.

Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make

for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.



DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And every inch of



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

it is checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.



MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, N.J. 07074

THE TOP-RATED PERFORMER THAT JUST GOT A FACE LIFT.



Last year the Teac A-170, our star cassette deck, lived up to its top billing with flawless performance and exceptional value. Now it's back for a command performance as the A-170S with an all new look. It has all the great features that made the A-170 the star of the show.

The A-170S transport system utilizes design innovations and many precision parts from more expensive

Teac decks. Features include extremely hard, high-density heads for distortion-free playback and recording. Built in Dolby noise reduction system. Separate bias and equalization switches, auto-stop, variable slide controls, expanded range level meters and convenient front access jacks.

So here it is with a face lift. The A-170S cassette, an ageless performer.

TEAC

The Leader. Always has been.

Teac Corporation of America
7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640
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Dolby Laboratories, Inc.



Now that Portland Trailblazers' Bill Walton has shucked his pea-brained support of the Symbionese Liberation Coast Guard and other activist glop, he's starting to play basketball again, and can actually score a point or two. That's because he's switched back to his right hand. When he got political he'd switched to his left, and he flopped alot, fell down, coughed, got mid-court

aphasia, and kept straining things like one's credulity that he could net anything but his long locks in a snood. But now that he's shooting from the right, he scores forty-five points a quarter, and is a real American again—if you like red hair.

Divine has been signed on as a regular on "Sesame Street."

Judy Collins has mollie bolts driven into her eyes every night, and then they are removed from their sockets and dropped into a tumbler containing her bridge and snack of tofu. Doing this makes her teeth look like eyes, and her eyes look like teeth when she puts them back in again, which she does with the aid of a jeweler's hammer every morning.

A British referendum, polling changes in London's Big Ben, came out for digital-without-luminosity,

once again striking a note for good old-fashioned conservatism.

Raggedy Andy is dating Barbie, and they will marry as soon as his divorce from to-be-ex-wife Raggedy Ann goes through. They'll hit Splitsville pending royalty settlements. Raggedy Ann claims that, like Cher, she was the more famous of the duo, and, like Lucy, the more talented. And, you gotta hand it to the lady, she was a trooper from the start. Asked what cause for the rift, Andy is reported to have said, "She always had the rag on, and did you ever take a look at her hair?" Homewrecker Barbie was not available for comment.

Frank Zappa has joined the Salzburg Marionette Theater. He has long been operated by strings, and when his brain solidified into a pine knot, it seemed to be the only thing left to do. In *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, he will play a bowl of porridge.

Snatchy Bananas choked on a sunflower seed while instructing his followers in the yoga headstand. He died before Christmas, but his followers left him in position, and I'd hate to tell you what seems to be growing out of his diaper.

Bella Abzug has thrown her bonnet over the mill for Prince Charles—giving up politics for the man she loves. "We are desperately happy," says the POW, flexing his terwilliger on the beach at Iviza, whither the twain had fled to elude just such interviews as this. "Put on your trunks, Chas," ordered Birdbath, "and Bella, stop writhing around in the sand on your back naked. No one is influenced by it one bit." Contritely, they resumed their vestures, but during the examination kept exchanging hats. She'd put on his coronet, and he'd put on her slouch, back and forth like two vaudevillians.

"When we get married, we're going to live in Buckingham Palace and a dear little flat in the Bronx."

"Oh, shut up," said Birdbath, "you're going to do nothing of the sort. In the first place, you can't get married because the Prince is far too young to have children." Bella snapped her teeth at me, but I held my own. "And in the second place, as it is, if this were a love match, the idea of your marrying would be repellent and preposterous, but, as it is not a love match, the idea is repellent and preposterous. Don't you see, Chuck, she's only marrying you for your mother!"

Bella sprang for my neck, but with

At last, a stereo power amp with professional performance for less than \$1.00* per watt!

THE CS-800

The latest high speed, high voltage, discreet technology combines with unique packaging and exclusive features to create the Peavey CS-800, a new stereo power amplifier that is unrivaled by anything on the market at its price.

The CS-800 produces 400 watts RMS of pure, undistorted (0.05% THD) power per channel. Overall, that's 800 watts of solid, high fidelity (5 Hz to 30 kHz) amplification retailing for only \$649.50*. At about 81 cents a watt, that's an incredible value for a stereo power amp with the CS-800's performance and versatility.

Features such as LED's on each channel give precise indication of any possible overload or clipping. A back panel patching facility incorporates small plug-in modules that provide

the CS-800 with balanced inputs and even a two-way electronic crossover. The amp's twenty-four high voltage output transistors are mounted on massive, fan cooled heat sinks for ultimate reliability even under the most demanding operating conditions. Protection circuits are built into each channel to protect speaker systems from any sudden abnormally high DC voltages. A steel reinforced die cast front panel in a 19" rack mountable chassis add to the system's appearance and versatility.

The Peavey CS-800 is a highly professional amp with honest performance at a very reasonable price. Drop by your Peavey Dealer for a demonstration of what the CS-800 can do or write us and we'll send you complete specs. We think you'll be impressed.



*Manufacturer's suggested list price

PEAVEY ELECTRONICS CORP.

Box 2898 / Meridian, Mississippi 39301



continued on page 102

Take home pigs, dogs and sheep.



Pink Floyd's "Animals," on Columbia Records and Tapes.

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New low-tar with that Tareyton plus:

Flavor improved by charcoal.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reports that charcoal is the best available method for filtering water. It's also used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Only 8 mg.

New Tareyton lights

Also Tareyton Filter Kings and 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 16 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



NOW AVAILABLE FOR SYNDICATION FROM THE HUGE TELEVISION NETWORK



Warioom!
Screech!
Freeze!
Police!

THEY'RE TOUGH. THEY'RE WITH IT.

T-BIRD &

Here they come, T-Bird and Monza—two very tough, very real cop cars who peel rubber out of your TV screen and into your living room. Not just another “thriller,” “T-Bird and Monza” is about two unforgettable cars you will grow to know and love as well as your own auto.

“T-Bird and Monza” is a totally new and mature kind of police drama. Each week, these two cars tackle problems that other cop shows have “backed off” from: drugs, prostitution, snuff porn, cult killers,

THEY'RE A HARD DRIVING TEAM.

MONZA

and runaway teenage girls in short skirts.

T-Bird, the country club, Ivy League car, and Monza, the pugnacious street car, make for the most unlikely TV partnership since "The Odd Couple." They're high on life and high on the tension they generate between them. They love each other and they hate each other, but, most importantly, they know they've got a job to do together. Out of this conflict of two different cars from two different worlds comes grudging respect and, finally, affection and loyalty.



T-BIRD

Who is T-Bird? In a way, he's the car we'd all like to be. Born with a silver carburetor in his mouth, he's a top-of-the-line brougham package with genuine leather seats and real simulated wood grain vinyl appointments.

Brought into this world with every option that Detroit could give him, T-Bird doesn't appreciate the value of a dollar, and he's always being called into the garage for a stern lecture on his terrible gas mileage (which is never better than seven or eight miles to the gallon). Worst of all, in the eyes of the obsessively tuned Monza, T-Bird is a little lazy about regular servicing, a failing which leads to a bothersome shimmy at high speeds, and an aristocratic but annoying stutter when he guns the accelerator.

But T-Bird is not just another pretty car, more concerned with camera angles than "collaring" criminals. He's not afraid to throw a roadblock or tail a Corvette full of heroin for ten days without stopping for oil or water.

T-Bird is a "now" car, a "with it" car. One look at the Dave Brubeck and Carole King tapes on his Becker tape deck tells you that this is a "young lifestyle" kind of cop car. He's one of the "new breed" of law enforcement cars that viewers in the eighteen to thirty-four market can identify with. He's a committed car (he even sports a discreet *Save the Whales* sticker on his rear bumper), but he's not a "far-out radical" or a "kook." Sure he went through an STP phase, and sure he went on a "health oil" kick, where he only used Quaker State, but he also knows that there's a time to grow up and put children's games behind.

T-Bird—a pretty car, a rich, idealistic, and, best of all, honest cop car that can't be bought—one that audiences can look up to and identify with because they know he's one of them.



MONZA

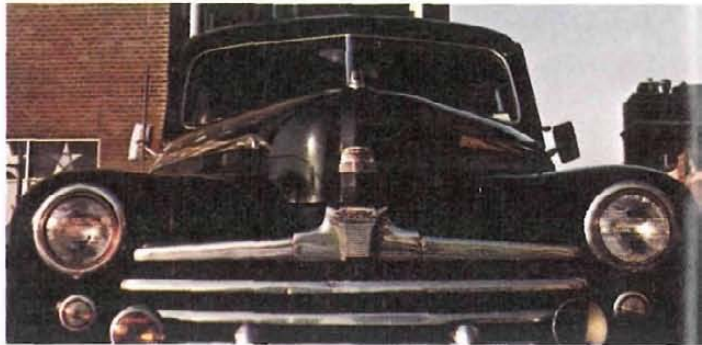
A street-pretty and road-smart performance package who has knocked around and been knocked around. Standard issue is not good enough for this street-fightin' cop car. Hanging out with the hot rods at Aldo's Speed Shop, Monza can chug a quart of Prestone with the best of 'em. And he's picked up some customized extras from his "buen amee-go." Aldo, Oversized tires, an Abarth exhaust, and Konis all around go into making Monza a muscle car who gets respect whenever he pulls out of the police garage.

Ironically, the snazzy, performance-conscious Monza is cursed with an embarrassing backfire problem, and understeers on left turns. But that's what makes him endearing. *There's a believable flesh-and-blood car under that hood.*

Monza prides himself on driving on his own turf on his own terms. Like all great cop cars, he's got that certain sixth sense that tells him when to dig out and when to brake. But sometimes, his fiery Latin engine gets the best of him.

On a stakeout near a Harlem junior high, he laid a mean "posi strip" in a mad dash to "get the goods" on a dope pusher who was peddling goof-balls to the cheerleaders. Monza got his "collar," but he also crashed into the school yard fence, coming within a spark plug's gap of running over half the cheerleading squad. After a departmental hearing, he was suspended for six months without pay and put on blocks in the police garage.

In his rookie days, he drove around with Chevelle, a good, basic six-cylinder gumshoe who didn't know the meaning of the word fear. He was an honest cop car who gave honest mileage for an honest day's pay, and he was run into the Gowanus Canal (in Brooklyn) by a thirty-six-foot



semi carrying a load of hijacked Formosan imitation suede jackets, hot off the docks. The horrified Monza looked on, momentarily paralyzed by a faulty carburetor. With superhuman effort, he tried to pull the waterlogged Chevelle out of the drink, but to no avail. Rust had set in, and all the police tow truck could do was drag the hapless Chevelle to a scrap metal yard in Coney Island.

On that fateful day, Monza took an oath on the chassis of his dead partner—an oath never to be in a position to be outrun, outcornered, or outbraked by anything on the road.

Monza? He's a little bit of Dirty Harry wrapped around 226 power-packed cubic inches of engine. He's the Tarzan of the asphalt jungle, with the integrity of a Warren Burger in his commitment to the laws of men and the rules of the road.

FORD

The crusty old gas guzzler with twenty years on the force, and 200,000 honest miles of police work under his safety belt. Ford, the cop car driven by a mission to make T-Bird and Monza two of the best. He's the car that the "girls" on the street turn to when they're being "hassled," the car who pulls "tip-offs" out of the Checker cab that cruises the boulevards of the Big Town. He's a curmudgeon, a little stand-offish, but everyone knows that underneath that weatherbeaten exterior is a crankcase of twenty-four carat gold.

Monza
Courtesy of Malcolm Konner
Chevrolet, Paramus, N.J.

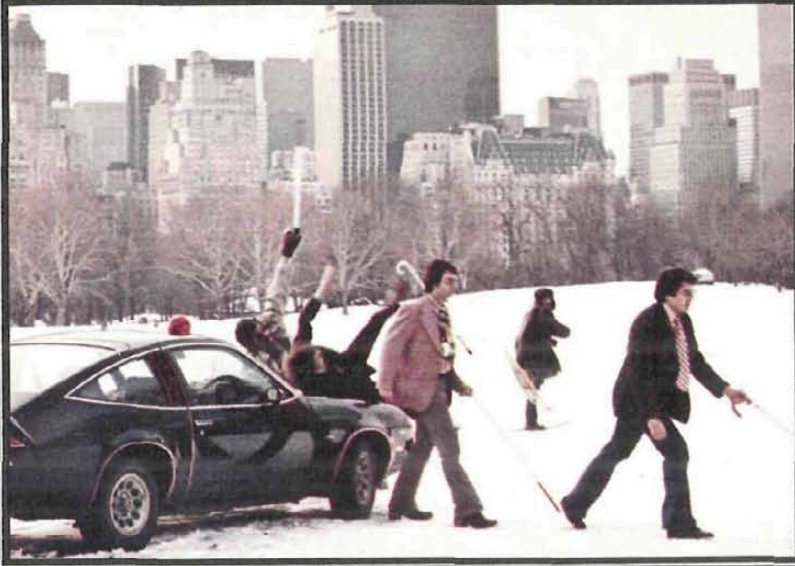


T-BIRD & MONZA

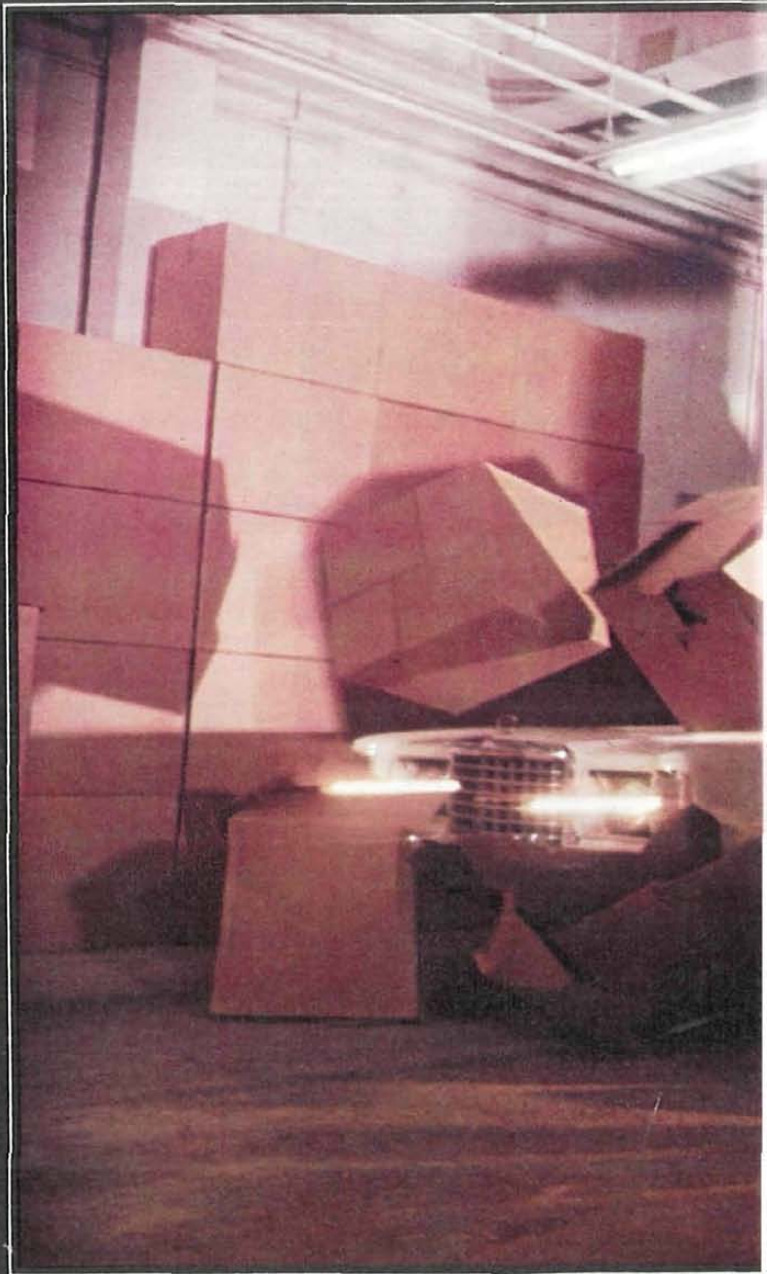
NOT JUST ANOTHER SHOOT-'EM-UP CHASE-'EM-UP

The streets are alive with crime as Monza works an "undercover" "stake out," ready to put the "collar" on two "pushers" making a "connection" for some dope destined for a witches' coven in a Harlem junior high.





There are no “innocent bystanders” when Mr. Big from the Syndicate tries to escape Blind Justice.

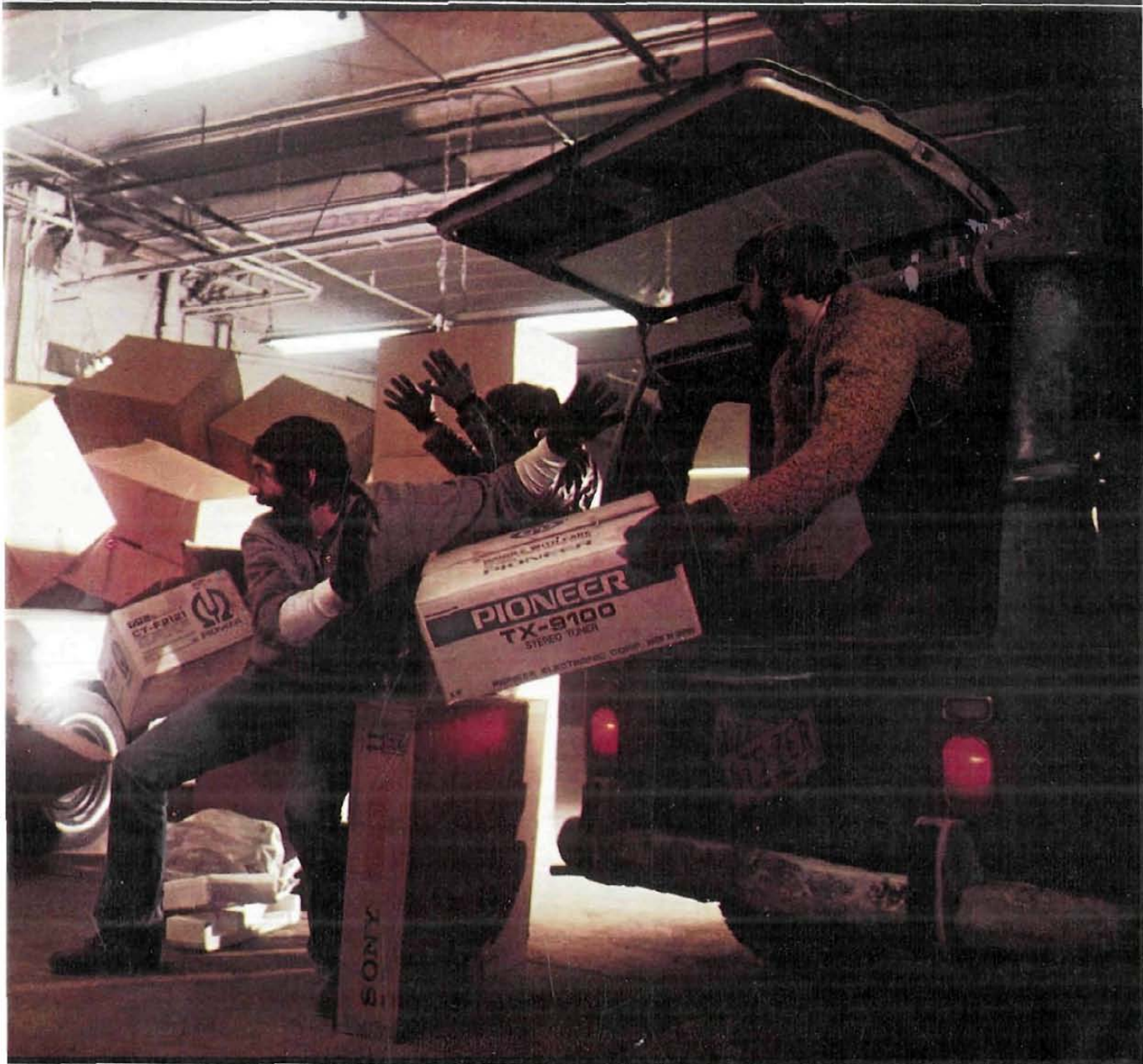


HTN
HUGE NETWORK

T-BIRD & MONZA

STRIPPED FOR ACTION, PRIMED FOR EXCITEMENT

Today's headlines are a blueprint for tomorrow's crime as Arab terrorists hijack videotape equipment from a Jewish snuff porn ring.



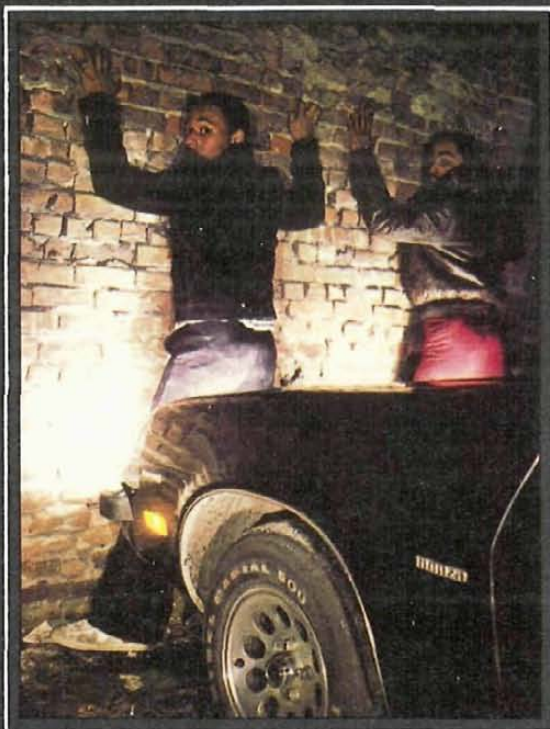
HTN
HUGE NETWORK

T-BIRD & MONZA

MATURE, RELEVANT

While soft judges coddle criminals, Monza cuddles up against a pair of pimps before they can "score" "bread" from "hooked" "johns" looking for a "trick."

T-Bird and Monza's work takes them to the seamy side of the underbelly of the underworld, where torture is a sport and pain is part of the game.

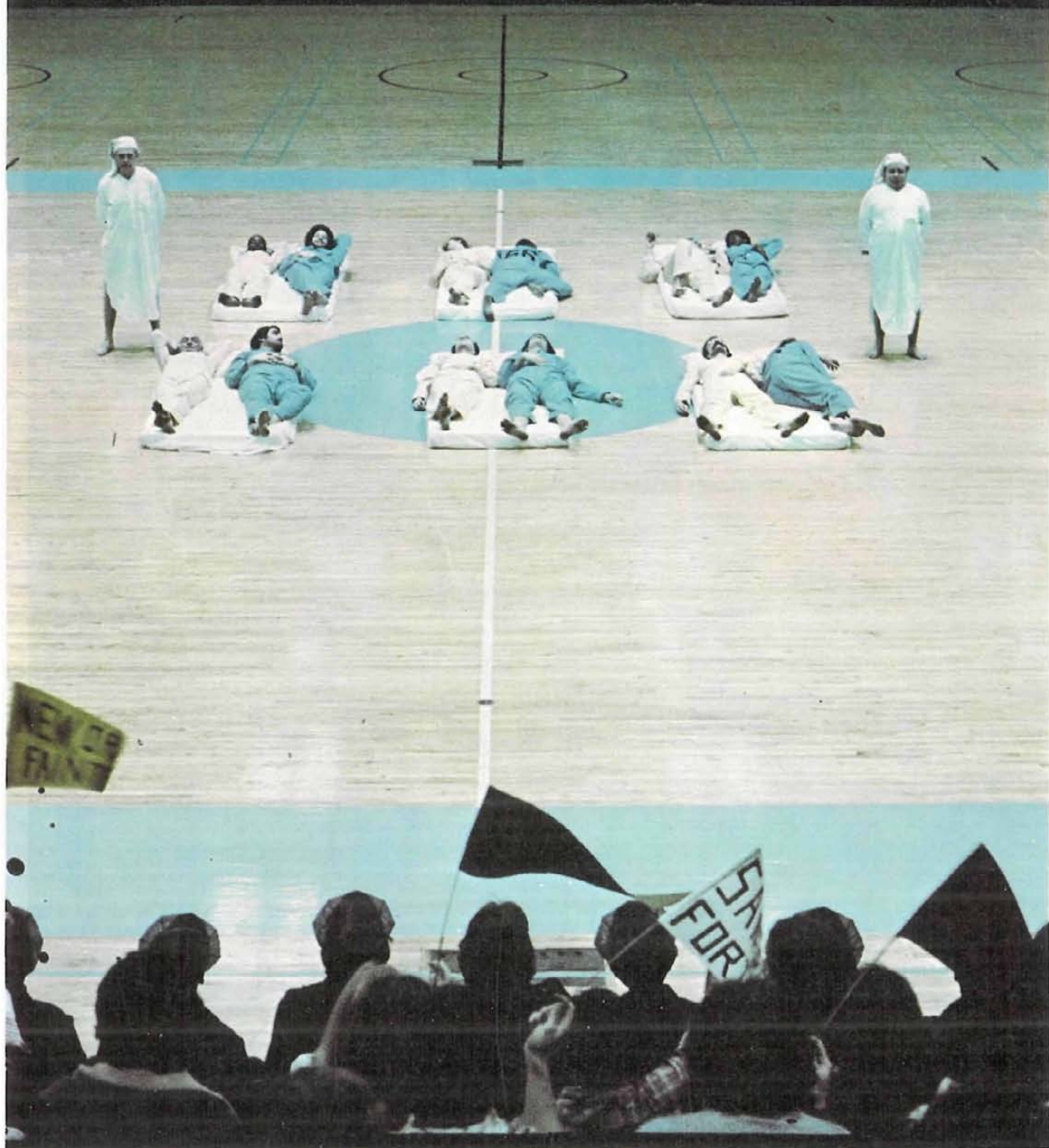


SPORTSCASTER

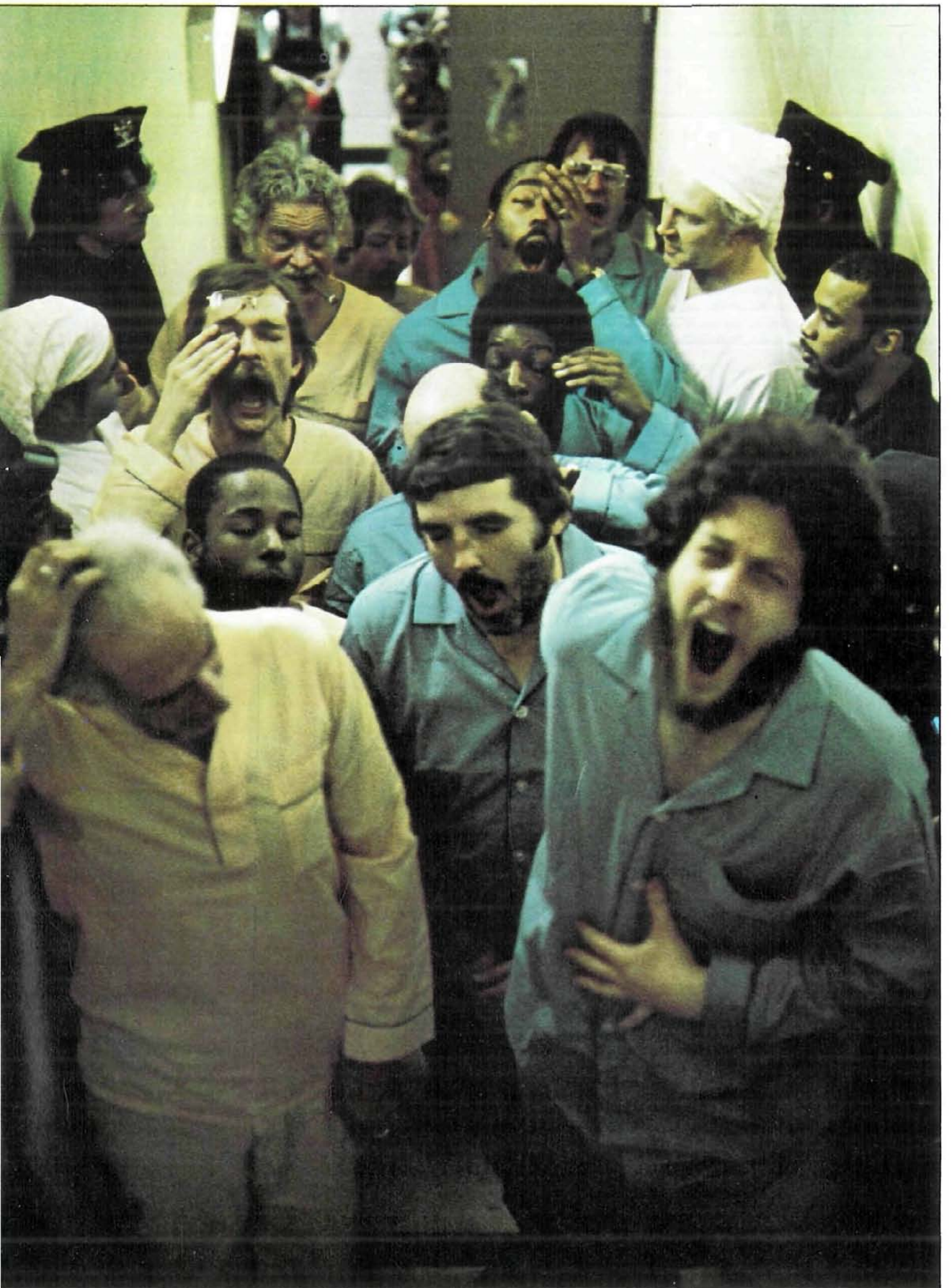
Hi. I'm the big, good-looking sportscaster who used to be a star football player. I'll be doing the dull, obvious play-by-play of tonight's great sporting event. Along with me are my two colleagues who'll be doing the color commentary: the pompous, obnoxious asswipe with the bad toupee who uses big words he barely knows how to pronounce, and the big, fat ex-tackle with the dumb locker room humor. The three of us know about as much as you do, but we're more important because we wear colorful blazers and earphones.

So stay with us as we bring you, almost-live, from the Los Angeles SuperDrone, the one you've been waiting for, the big sleep event of the season...

The Doze Bowl



photography by peter kleinman



OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

As the sleepers amble their way into the SuperDrone, let me fill in our viewers with one of my incredibly authoritative and pungent analyses of the two teams. First, the L.A. Rems. As you all know, but I'll tell you anyway, the Rems started off their season in a most lugubrious manner, being upset by the New Orleans Faints. But then they swept their schedule, outsleeping such intrepid opponents as the New York Naps, the Detroit Ly-Ins, and the Oakland Faders. The Rems are a shrewd, perspicacious outfit with superb tutelage. They're not as physical as the Doldrums, but they've got sheet smarts.

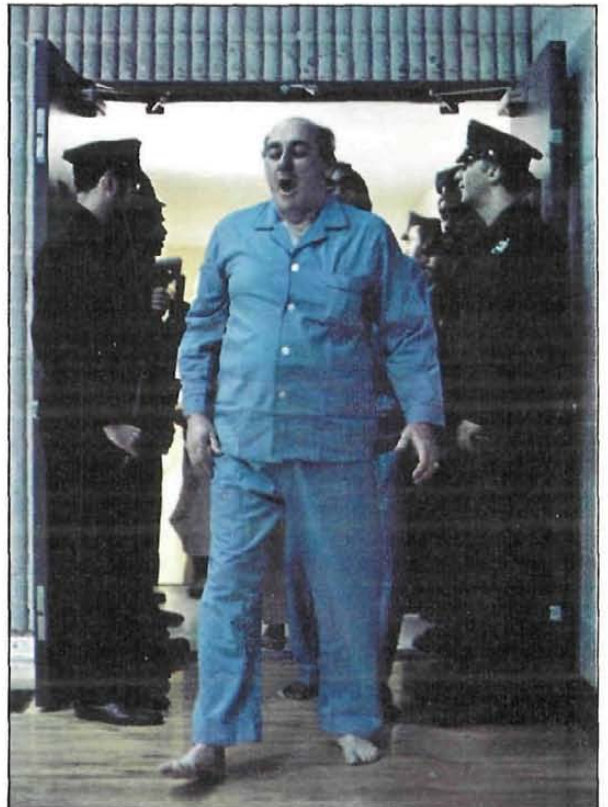
The big question on everybody's lips is: how good are the Miami Doldrums, considering the indolent, facile schedule they played? The answer is: unusually meritorious. Ask the San Francisco Forty Winks and the Green Bay Slackers, two of their premier opponents. Miami is a tough, hard-sleeping outfit, very aggressive and belligerent. It all adds up to a long, slumber-filled night. And the team that can hold its position with equanimity and sangfroid will no doubt emerge triumphant.

DUMB EX-TACKLE

I talked to Barney "Big Z" Kowalchuk of the Miami Doldrums before the game. There's "Big Z" sleepwalking over to his bed. He mumbled that he was feeling real good. He's really keyed down.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

Yes, that's true, dumb ex-jock. Barney is an exceptionally obstinate sleeper. He's primarily a defensive specialist. He digs into his position in bed and dares you to push him off. He's like a big bear hibernating for the winter. He's matched up with "Catnap" Hunter of the Rems, a perennial twenty-hour sleeper who does it all and looks like he's not even trying.





SPORTSCASTER

Wait a minute. "Screamer" Simpson of the Doldrums is making his big move. He's got one of his incredible nightmares, and look at him screaming, trying to wake up his opponent, Tired Tim Logan.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

Yes, he's the famous Miami Doldrum's "Monster Man," the man with the bloodcurdling, horrific scream. I wonder what kind of abominable dreams he's having.

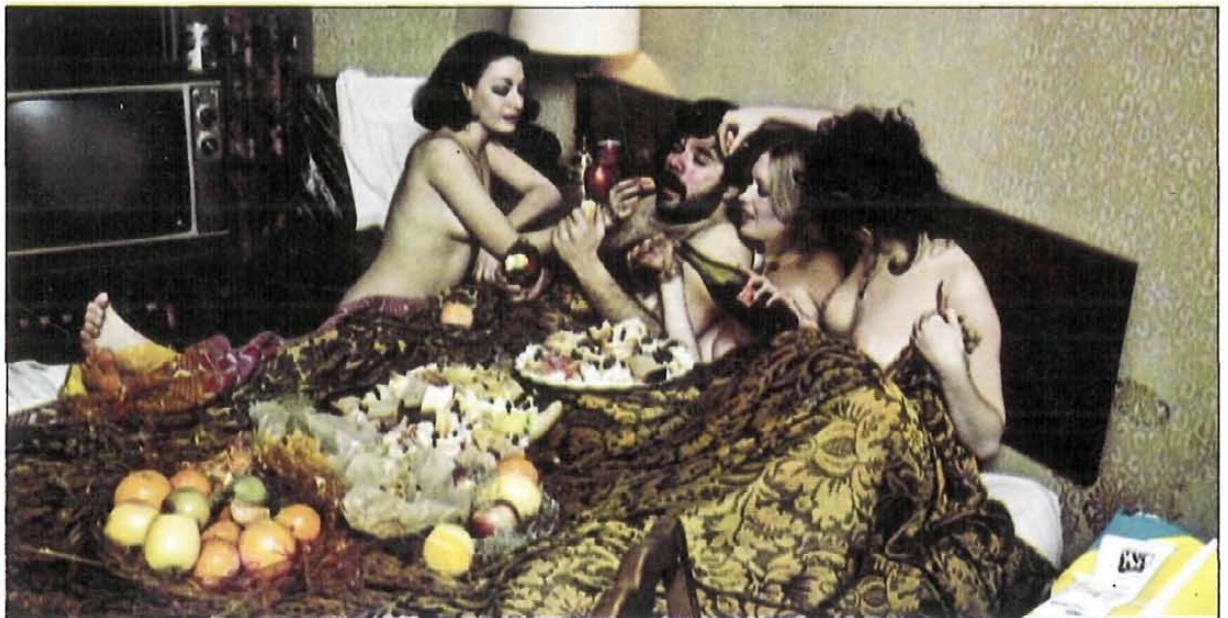
DUMB EX-JOCK

I hope he isn't reliving the story of Roots.
Haw! Haw! Haw!



OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

Look at Tired Tim Logan, the man who always sleeps with a cigar in his mouth. They call him "The Grand Old Man" of sleep – a canny veteran, a man who seems to give his opponents lots of space, but never loses his position... a man who they said was through, a man who seemed to be semiawake, all slept out, ready for the Flop House League. But scrutinize him carefully, you youngsters watching out there...the record books say that Logan has only been officially awake for ninety-six hours in the last forty years. An amazing athlete.



SPORTSCASTER

While there's a time out at the SuperDrone, here's a film of one of the Rem stars, "Crash" Hendra, training for the Doze Bowl at the Beverly Hills Hotel, eating, drinking, fornicating, and smoking soft drugs until he falls into a semicoma.

SPORTSCASTER

They're always a pleasure to look at—the fabulous Rem-Ettes, the lovely L.A. cheerleaders, doing their famous “Hush-a-Bye My Baby” cheer to keep the restless fans quiet.



DUMB EX-JOCK

Bruce of the Rems and Pike of the Doldrums look mighty lovey-dovey to me under those sheets. We had a few of those guys in football, you know. I'm Greek. I had to beat them off with a stick.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

You are, of course, referring to a word that used to be quarantined, used to be taboo on television. The word, ladies and gentlemen, is homosexual. While I myself have some very dear friends who are pansies, I feel that they have no business in the sport of sleep and should be banished for the good of the league.



SPORTSCASTER

The Doldrums are getting desperate. Number sixty-six, Big Log Gill, is trying one of his fancy sheet-pulling moves in the attempt to wake up his opponent by having a rush of cold air hit his exposed flanks.

OBNOXIOUS ASS-WIPE

But it's not going to work. He's falling off the bed himself. He's going to be penalized for falling off the bed. And Don Drowser of the Rems is still fast asleep, completely oblivious to the goings-on.

DUMB EX-JOCK

I slept with Don a few times. He's a real good one. He practices near the Los Alamos testing grounds. They say you can put him on the stage of a rock concert and he won't even flicker.

SPORTSCASTER

We're well into the ninth hour now, and it looks like the Doldrums are going to make their move. It's Big Bo Swingle. He's trying to stiff-arm A.D. Piombo of the Rems. He's pushing Piombo toward the edge of the bed.

OBNOXIOUS ASS-WIPE

Oh, oh! Did you see that?

DUMB EX-JOCK

Grabbing the hair. That's a fifteen-minute penalty.

OBNOXIOUS ASS-WIPE

That's going to hurt the Doldrums. They're going to miss Big Bo, he really looked dead out there tonight.





SPORTSCASTER

The Doldrums are really in trouble now. Their defensive genius, Barney "Big Z" Kowalchuk, just got himself into deep penalty trouble. He's got to sit it out on the penalty icebox for twenty-five minutes for trying to wake up his opponent with an illegal insertion.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

There it goes again! A gigantic urinary erection by Matt Quilty of the Doldrums! An illegal weapon if there ever was one. This time the referee spots it, and gives him the mandatory twenty raps with the hammer and an automatic disqualification.

DUMB EX-JOCK

Matt has a great piss hard-on, no doubt about it. But he was caught red-handed because he was lying on his back. The idea in using your piss hard-on is to lie on your side and poke your opponent with it, forcing him to wake up. Matt must be having a nice, creamy little dream.

SPORTSCASTER

That just about locks it up for the L.A. Rems. The Doldrums have penalized themselves right out of the game, while the Rems have kept to their basic game plan. Nothing fancy. Just straight ahead sleeping. Just grinding out those Zs.



SPORTSCASTER

We're in the dressing room of the new Doze Bowl champs, the L.A. Rems, and what a tired but happy bunch of sleepers they are. We'll try to get a few of them up here for an interview. Here's Tired Tim Logan, the grand old man of sleep. How are you, Tim?

TIM

Aah... aah... mmmm... baazzzzzz....

SPORTSCASTER

He's tired. And who wouldn't be after a grueling nine hours.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

Here's Catnap Hunter. Let's get Catnap to the microphone! Catnap, do you feel vindicated about that heroin scandal of '73, or do you fellows have a scandal of your own coming up? I mean, you all slept awfully hard out there.

CATNAP HUNTER

Huh? Call me later, man. I'm going to take a little nap.

OBNOXIOUS ASSWIPE

You heard him, ladies and gentlemen. You heard him avoid my probing, penetrating question. I would like to know, and the American public would like to know... was there anything clandestine about the Rems' upset victory tonight? Were there any exotic drugs involved in their incredible display of soporific somnambulism?

DUMB EX-JOCK

Some of the Rems are waking up. They're going after my colleague, asswipe. Haw! Haw! They're dousing him with champagne. No, they're not. They're pissing on him. Six guys who haven't pissed in over nine hours. I wish you could see this, folks.

SPORTSCASTER

And that just about wraps up the 1977 Doze Bowl. A great night for the L.A. Rems. As my obnoxious colleague said, they never lost their somnambulistic poise; they slept their kind of sleep. They beat a strong Miami Doldrum team by sleeping like rocks. This is the good-looking sportscaster, speaking for obnoxious asswipe and dumb ex-jock, saying good night... and pleasant dreams. □



Annual

Concordance

to Public TV Programmes



Andy Zachow

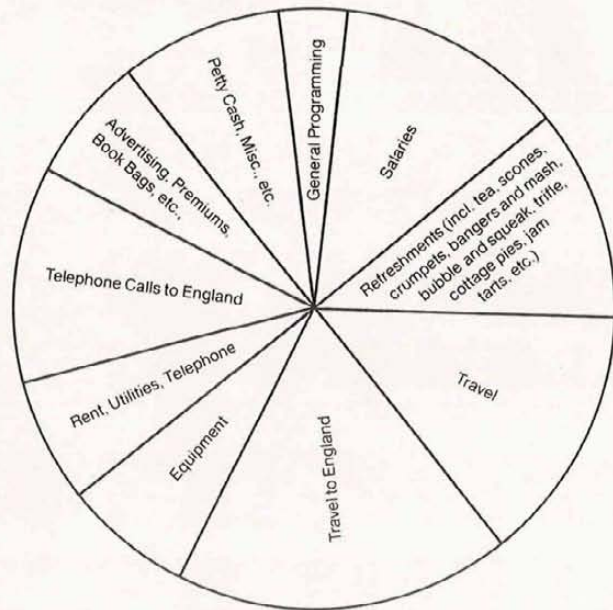
From the President

Every so often, someone bounds into our offices in the newly-completed sixteen-story PBS building here in New York (just across the street from the newly-completed fifteen-story Corporation for Public Broadcasting building, which, in its own way, is quite nice as well) and asks us, "See here, you chaps. This public television thing: what the devil is it all about?"

Permit me, if you will, to proffer several *pensées* concerning this topic, which is so important to us of the PBS family. And not only us, but also to the blokes and birds of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting who, while we may differ with them from time to time as to who should get which government funds for whose fact-finding trip to Mexico, nonetheless do manage to do a damn fine job of doing whatever the deuce it is they do over there.

Now, as to this public television bit: who else would have brought you twenty-four weeks of *Masterrace Theater*? Who else *could* have brought you Leonard Bernstein's *Mess*? Who the bloody blazes else would have hired that windbag Bronowski to rant and rave about Copernicus for thirteen weeks?

But, *entre nous*, it does require one thing: ready teddy. Pounds. Quid. In a word, money. Without your generous contributions, we would be in dire straits.



Expenditures for the Public Broadcasting System

What would that mean to you? Simply this: one day you would take the lift down from your office and hop aboard your tube or

climb into your lorry for home. And you'd arrive at your flat and head for the fridge for a quick snack of crisps and orange squash, and plunk down for some good spot-on stimulating telly. And you'd switch on the set and there would be... nothing.

We would have been forced to stop broadcasting.

Why? Look at the pie graph on this page.

You can see that, unfortunate though it may be, the only flexible area open to cutbacks is our programming and production department. This means that, unless every one of you sits down straight away and writes us a handsome cheque (tax deductible, certainly), we shall have to drop some new shows, cancel many of those in development, and broadcast reruns. Reruns! We, who in the past have won awards hand-over-fist for such classics as the science show for dogs, *Rova*, would be reduced to recycling our old programmes like some miserable spinster wearing her old tea towels for socks. In such a case, we would be forced to endlessly rebroadcast such shows as Louis Malle's first English-language documentary, *Phantom Indiana*. This is a fine programme. But twelve times a week?

Someone will ask, "But what about all the money you get from government? And the large corporations? Isn't that enough to produce fine, quality, wonderful television programmes such as the third-world sex education show for toddlers, *Besame Street*?" The answer is, alas, no. You see, we here at PBS (and those scoundrels over at CPB) have a concept we call "matching grants." Briefly, this means that anything one organization does is duplicated by the other. That is why we so desperately need money from other sources, because those blighters across the street need most of the Federal funds for flying to Mexico and staying three weeks in London every time you turn your head and building their damn prize-winning architect-designed offices even though *they don't even need studios or sound rooms or anything!*

Obviously, it is unacceptable for us to allow the CPB to "outdo" us in any way. After all, anyone can see that they would not exist without us. We are the *raison d'être* of this whole affair. Therefore, anything they do, any project they undertake, any raises in salary they effect, and any new architect-designed prize-winning office building they construct must be met in kind by PBS. This is what is meant by matching grants. With the money from our generous viewers, we intend to match, expenditure for expenditure, everything those people over there do, goddamn their eyes and may they rot in hell.

Learned Hand Laundry
President

Concordance

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Women on PBS

Woman. Who is she, what is she? Is she the Great Earth Mother: fertile, nurturing, protective? Or the Love Creature, the animal of sensuality and unimaginable ecstasies? Angel or whore, temptress or Virgin Mary, woman is here today, now. Asking questions. Seeking answers. Answering questions. Questioning answers.

PBS has created programmes for women that break new grounds in terms of meaningful dialogue. Seventeen years ago, the world of conventional commercial television was shocked when, for the first time in the history of the medium, PBS broadcast the word *orgasm*. It was a dangerous thing to do, but we did it. And we were berated and condemned by nearly everybody: the FCC came down particularly hard on the PBS network and its affiliates, and various church and social groups brought tremendous pressure to bear upon us by threatening to boycott many of our larger corporate contributors and thereby refusing to purchase sheet aluminum from Alcoa and pig iron from U.S. Steel. "How can you call this television?" they cried.

We merely smiled, and promised not to do it again.

We had our antennae crossed, of course, because the *very next week* we produced a panel discussion in which a leading educator looked right into the camera and said *uterus* and *clitoris*. National reaction was swift—and negative—but soon a few enlightened souls began to speak up in our defense. The tide began to turn.

By now, of course, times have changed. Now women talk about their bodies all the time on television, and say *orgasm* and *feel up* and practically anything. Even the taboo against four letter scatological words shows signs of breaking down. Only last month, on our *Sing-a-Song-America* programme, folk-rock poet Bob Dylan sang a song with the word *shit* in it, plainly distinguishable.

What does a musical genius's utterance of *shit* have to do with women? Simply this: the PBS network has always been at the vanguard of liberated, informed broadcasting for women, whether the subject be orgasm or shit. And this year promises to be no different.

Our Biddies, Our Selves

Fridays at 10

This is a penetrating study of old age, the treatment of the elderly, and ageism. Many elderly women will be interviewed. Viewers hard of hearing are advised to watch the captioned rebroadcast every following Monday at 8:30. Viewers with poor eyesight are advised to tune in on the following Tuesdays at 9:00, when the programme will be simulcast over local FM radio stations with a running commentary describing what's happening on the screen.

Benito Mussolini, My Darling

To be broadcast in May

Highlights of the late dictator's life and times are narrated by one of his former mistresses, Luciana Tanni. Ms. Tanni reveals for the first time that Mussolini's title of *Il Duce* ("The Duke") was actually a misrepresentation of his real nickname, *Il Dolce* ("The Sweet One").

The Captioned ABC Evening News for Women

Nightly at 11



PBS expands its news coverage for women this year by only showing captions for the part of the news read by Barbara Walters and the female correspondents. Viewers who are hard of hearing are advised to turn the volume up very loud for the Harry Reasoner and other man-read parts.

Marie Curie: "I Am a Scientist, and I Don't Even Care What You Say"

Beginning Sunday, 5/22 at 8:30

Leslie Caron stars as the renowned French chemist, with Louis Jordan as her husband Pierre. The discovery of radium is highlighted, as well as various other scientific and feminine things.

Simone de Beauvoir: "Always I Am to Being the Woman"

Wednesdays at 7:30

Ms. de Beauvoir will invite us into her home (which she sometimes shares with Nobel laureate philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre) for a weekly demonstration of her own very unique dialectical skills. Many familiar (and some not-so-familiar) French dishes will be explained and prepared, together with pungent commentary concerning the availability of fresh fruits and vegetables, special omelet techniques, and the possibility of a French student/worker alliance concerning the Angola problem.



A Preview of the New Season's Offerings

Liberal Outrage

A special production. Perhaps the most meaningful, relevant, and sensitive television series ever conceived.

Dinner Theatre in America



A sweeping survey covering the entire scope of drama in America. From Leonard Nimoy and Florence Henderson in "My Fat Friend" to William Shatner and Donna Reed in "The Music Man" and Nichelle Nichols and DeForrest Kelley in "The Owl and the Pussycat"

Leonard Nimoy in the Dinner Theatre in America production of "My Fat Friend."

From Molecules to Memorex

A fifteen-minute special tracing the evolution of man, highlighting the major cultural achievements en route.

Of Mutinies and Men

What kind of people are mutineers? Why do they do what they do? What do they think about? Do they like spending so much time at sea, or is that why they mutiny in the first place? Pete Seeger narrates.

"Ain't Had No Fun Since I Been Po"



Just one of the unfortunates from this revealing series.

Culture!



L'chaim, Spinoza!
Saluti, Leonardo!
Na zdorovye, Turgenev!
Viva, Borges!
Prosit, Wagner!
Cheers, Chaucer!
Howdy, Whitman!

Drug Abuse in America

Part One—The Perils of Coffee

A searching look at our chemically-oriented society. While Washington legislates against prescription drugs, we drink coffee in increasing quantities. Underwritten by grants from Upjohn, Eli Lilly, and Pfizer.

Our Economic System and How It Works

A critical and probing examination of our economic system and why it's so absolutely smashing and works so well all the time.

Upstarts Downstairs

Events take a dramatic new turn at Eaton Place as Rose begins to wonder whether it's all worth it, and spreads dissension downstairs. In episode one of the new season, Hudson "accidentally" spills cucumber soup on Lady Prudence, and Lord Bellamy suspects Mrs. Bridges of making some distasteful additions to the gravy served at an important dinner upstairs.



The Inner Game of Yoga

How to win by not wanting to win.

Silent Cinema Captioned for the Blind

Washington Round Table

A free-swinging journalistic round table free-for-all with the men who get drunk and yell at each other and write tomorrow's news today. No preprepared questions. Sometimes, Peter Lisagor gets plastered, smashes a bottle on the round table, and goes straight for Mary McGrory's jugular.

Listener Sponsored Radio

Rip-Off or Free Ride?

The "free radio" game. Where does all that marathon money go? Who cares about radical lesbian poets, anyway?

Face It

Contemporary challenges. (Emmy for "Oh God, I'm Going to Die!")



Oil in the Family

The Rockefeller Legend—Funded by grants from the Chase Manhattan Bank and the Exxon Corporation.

Probe and Feel

Weekly news analysis.

The Isle of Gilligan



A dramatic series with a sociological bent, exploring the interrelationships of a micro-society of castaways reflecting the problems and conflicts of society at large. Bob Denver plays the iconoclast pariah.

Qué Viva Eisenstein

The master's outtakes (twelve parts).

Distinguished Panel Discussion

Coming up, a special two-part programme on violence on television. A serious, no-holds-barred look at what we're watching.



Warning: This program contains many scenes of graphic, explicit violence. We urge viewer discretion.

Don't Go Away Mad

The world of mental illness.

Theatre in America

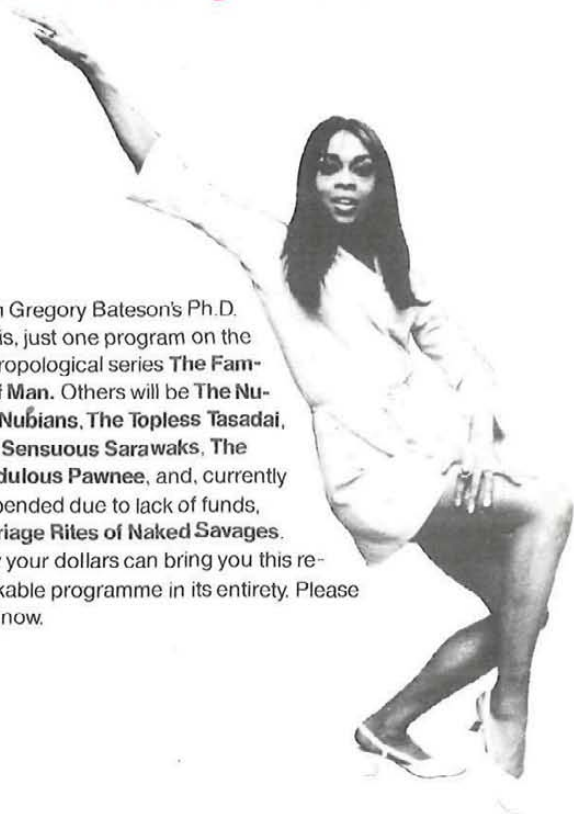
Sheridan, Marlowe, Stoppard, and Pinter.

Fraud!

Documentary on people who sell marijuana that isn't really as good as they say it is. With actual footage of people not getting as stoned as they thought they would.

The Family of Man

From Gregory Bateson's Ph.D. thesis, just one program on the anthropological series **The Family of Man**. Others will be **The Nubile Nubians**, **The Topless Tasadai**, **The Sensuous Sarawaks**, **The Pendulous Pawnee**, and, currently suspended due to lack of funds, **Marriage Rites of Naked Savages**. Only your dollars can bring you this remarkable programme in its entirety. Please give now.



Never Again!

Burning the classics. It could never happen here. Or could it? Every guinea (\$1.80) you don't send in to support quality programmes on PBS is a pound and a shilling (\$1.80) that doesn't go toward a production of **Timon of Athens**. Holding back money from public broadcasting is as good as taking **Moll Flanders** off the library shelves in the Darien Elementary School or, worse, burning **The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell**.

**Broadcast books.
Don't burn them.**



From the PBS series,
"The Films of Leni Riefenstahl."

Ranking of Contributors

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 1 Tanner (\$.034)..... Nodding Acquaintance
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Concordance

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TRACKING FORCE RANGE	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-1¾ gm	¾-1¼ gm	¾-1½ gm	¾-1½ gm	1-2 gm	1¼-2½ gm
SEPARATION: 15Hz to 1KHz 1KHz to 20KHz 20KHz to 50KHz 20 Hz to 500Hz 500Hz to 15KHz 15KHz to 20KHz	28 db 23 db 15 db	26 db 21 db 15 db	24 db 20 db 15 db	20 db 30 db 25 db	20 db 28 db 20 db	20 db 25 db 18 db	18 db 23 db 15 db	18 db 21 db 13 db
I. M. DISTORTION @ 3.54 cm/sec	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.08% 2KHz-20KHz	.1% 2KHz-20KHz	.15% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz	.2% 2KHz-20KHz
STYLUS	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 mil bi-radial	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.2 x .7 mil elliptical	.3 x .7 mil elliptical
EFFECTIVE TIP MASS	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.4 milligram	.2 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.6 milligram	.9 milligram
COMPLIANCE	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	30x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	20x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	18x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	17x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne	16x10 ⁻⁴ cm/dyne
TRACKING ABILITY	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	30 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	38 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ .9 gm	32 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1 gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm	28 cm/sec @ 1KHz @ 1½ gm
CHANNEL BALANCE	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within ¾ db @ 1KHz	within 1 db @ 1KHz	within 1¼ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz	within 1½ db @ 1KHz
INPUT LOAD	100K ohms/channel	100K ohms/channel	100K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel	47K ohms/channel
TOTAL CAPACITANCE	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	under 100 pf/channel	300 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel	400-500 pf/channel
OUTPUT @ 3.54 cm/sec	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	3 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	4.5 mv/channel	7 mv/channel	7 mv/channel

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FUNNY PAGES

DNUTS

REMEMBER HOW GROWNUPS WERE COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY HUNG UP ON HAVING "A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE," WITH ALL THE EDGES SQUARED? AND FOR WHAT?

LOOK AT THIS MESS! THIS ROOM IS LIKE SOME AWFUL PLACE IN A SLUM! LOOK AT THOSE MAGAZINES ON THE FLOOR! I WANT YOU TO PUT EVERYTHING IN ORDER AND TO DO IT NOW!

AH, JEEZ...

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO PUT THE COMICS IN NEAT LITTLE PILES? WHAT'S THE POINT? I KNOW, MORE OR LESS, WHERE EVERYTHING IS!

SLAM!

GRIN

THIS WILSON

TOP

HEY—WAIT A MINUTE! HERE'S THE CAPTAIN SMASHO I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! DAMN! THAT MEANS I'VE THE WHOLE VENUSIAN SERIES!

Cahan Wilson

WHY WEAR A TRUSS?

SALES

REYS

HEY—AND HERE'S THAT PICKLED LIZARD I THOUGHT I'D LOST! I CAN TRADE WITH FRED FOR THAT HUMAN FINGER BONE!

DO YOU CALL THAT CLEANING UP? ALL YOU'VE DONE IS MOVE THE MESS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM TO ANOTHER!

SHIT, SHE'S GOT A POINT...

THIS STRIP IS FOR CHRISTY SLY, SUE SKEOCH, DAN THE CAR BONE AND ESPECIALLY MY OWN HUNNY, SNOOKI LAPLANTE.

PORTIONS OF THIS STRIP (MAINLY THE WORD "FUCK") MAY BE DEEMED UNSUITABLE FOR YOUNG READERS. PARENTAL DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

AND NOW — THE ONLY READER PARTICIPATION STRIP...

CHICKEN GUTZ



HEAT YER HEART OUT, TUESDAY WELD.

living in a COMIC STRIP is not like living anywhere else on EARTH!

where else can you stand here and talk to yourself like this?

H-M-M-M... very very familiar... and YET... a complete stranger.

the very laws of NATURE are Countermanded!

an' you kin talk real talk STOOPID if ya want!

OUCH!

You can stab yourself a million times and still be alive.

FOR THOSE OF YOU READING THIS STRIP IN BLACK AND WHITE, THE BLOOD IS BRIGHT RED.

HELLO TO THE WEASEL AN' KALIFORNIA KRISTIN OUT THERE IN THE LAND OF SHATTERED HOPES 'N' DREAMS.

you kin make LOVE to GINGER ROGERS

FILL IN THE BIRD FOR FUN, GANG.

DECORATIVE BULL SHIT

in a comic strip you can do things that you've always wanted to do!

this strip is going in directions which are not all that PRODUCTIVE!

IN A COMIC STRIP, YOU CAN EVEN TALK TO GOD

guys reach their big SEX drive at 17... an' women at age 40... I call that a MAJOR FUCK UP... don't you?

EVERYBODY'S A CRITIC!

HOLY SMOKES

THIS IS PANEL 6... NO... THIS IS PANEL 9... OR... OR... PANEL 10... BUT... ER... NEVER MIND.

You can yell if you want to...

HELP

and you won't disturb anyone!

i feel so square.

you can make corny jokes.

you can change your life style for just one panel... if you want to.

ANY RESEMBLANCE BEARING UPON PEOPLE OR PERSONS COINCIDENTALLY OR OTHERWISE FICTITIOUS IS VALID REASON TO BE.

you can become a handsome, square jawed devil!

oops!!

you can do ANYTHING in a comic strip...

you can become INVISIBLE an' listen in on secret conversations.

DAT CHICKEN GUTZ is such a WEIRDO SHMUCK I can't believe it!

UNDERSTATEMENT of the century!

A COMIC STRIP IS JUST A COMIC STRIP BUT A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE.

IN A COMIC STRIP - IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING... YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

THIS PANEL CARRIES ONLY THE MANUFACTURERS 10 DAY GUARANTEE.

except find TRUE LOVE and ROMANCE (ugh)!

back to REALITY, folks... it was FUN while it lasted but...

OFFICER - THAT CREEPO SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING ME!

ARR-GH

BYE



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hear your
songs...**

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listening. Our judges make a
living with theirs.**

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N.L.

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THE ÆSOP BROTHERS AB INITIO

*IN THE BEGINNING
DUMB BELL!!!

LOWELL, MASS.
SEPT. 29, 1938

DMITRI, I THINK
IT'S TIME !!!

MARIA, HONEY!!!

... SHE'LL BE FINE,
MR. ÆSOP..

CONGRATULATIONS,
MR. ÆSOP, IT'S TWINS!!!

HEY, DOC,
THAT'S GREAT,
TWINS!!!

THERE'S JUST ONE THING;
THEY'RE SIAMESE TWINS...

SIAMESE
TWINS?!! NO!!!
YOU MUSTA
MIXED UP
THE BABIES...

...NO, NO MISTAKE, YOUR
SONS ARE SIAMESE
TWINS...

NO,
NO,
NO!!!

YOU WHORE, MARIA!!!
I NEVER LOOKED AT
ANOTHER WOMAN, AND
YOU DID THIS
TO ME?!!

KRIHPP,
VUPUITT,
GUANTU...

...HOW COULD SHE?!!
WITH SOME DIRTY
SIAMESE GUY!!!

...AND SO, DMITRI ÆSOP
ABANDONS MARIA AND
THE INFANT ÆSOP BROS.
CONTINUED...

HEAVY METAL

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NL-4



DACHSHUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

THORNE



FALL DROPS ON THE NATIONAL PARK AS CAMPERS STRUGGLE HOMEWARDS...

BUT DADDY, WE FORGOT TUSKER!

FUCK 'IM. LET HIM FIND HIS OWN WAY HOME.



BUT TUSKER THE DACHSHUND WAS DESTINED NEVER TO FIND HIS WAY HOME...



PROTECTED THROUGHOUT THE WINTER MONTHS BY THE SHAGGY BRUINS OF NATIONAL PARK, THE WIENER DOG SOON LEARNED THE WAY OF THE WILD...

AN' I SEED A WHOLE TROOP O' WILD BEARS TEARIN' ALONG THE CRICK AFTER A MOOSE.

AN' RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF ALL THEM BEARS, LEADIN' THE CHASE, WAS A TINY, DAPPLED DACHSHUND WITH WILD EYES!



RUMORS ABOUNDED IN THE AREA, BUT NOBODY THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT IT UNTIL LATER.

OH LORD GOD, A PACKA WILD BEARS LEAD BY THE DAMNDEST LITTLE DOG JUST ROBBED THE MEAT DEPARTMENT DOWN TH' SEVEN-ELEVEN!



YOU JUST GOTTA HELP US, DANGER RANGERETTE!

YOU WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, WILLIAM COBB.



THIS LOOKED LIKE A JOB FOR DANGER RANGERETTE. COME BACK TO THIS MAGAZINE STAND NEXT MONTH FOR THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO THIS TALE!

THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 30

that taken care of, and then I was stuck for awhile about what to do next.

Lots of people think a good economy is a simple thing to get, being just a matter of some bottom land or a newer truck. But this is not so, because a good economy is a lot more tangled up and complicated than that. How, I'm not exactly sure, but you can just look around at the bother that people get themselves into when they get economical-minded and see that it's tangled up and complicated whether you know how exactly or whether the hell you don't. So as a result, I had to do a lot of deep thinking, even after I got the Bang-the-Deskers to wear clothes — trying to figure out how to get a good tangled up and complicated economy going in this place.

Well, it wasn't long before it dawned on me one main thing that was holding them back — they didn't have any colored. Of course, they're all sort of colored. Looking, I mean. Then again, they're sort of not. I mean, there wasn't one good nigger. Nor a white man. Minus myself. Struck me these people are pretty halfhearted as to race. I don't see how a nation can get along without colored. Who sweeps the floors? Or does the laundry? Or runs the dump? No wonder this damn country was such a hog wallow.

Finally I decided that some of these folks *must* be colored and just didn't know it yet, and I couldn't tell them apart. This last was a problem. So I called up that fellow Jimmy Earl has over to the States Department who talks through his teeth and walks like a Nancy-boy (me and cousin Billy call him Fancy Vance because he dressed up like he was the president of a whole bank or something instead of just working for the government like he does), and told him to get down to my home town and look up this old colored boy Nebuchadnezzar Jones who used to help me out with the still every now and again, and to send Neb right over as I needed help. Fancy pants was pretty white about it I guess because I hadn't asked for anything yet over here except some extra shotgun shells and a planeload of stump blowing dynamite (which is always a handy thing to have). And pretty soon, old Neb was cracking a jar with me right here in whatever it

continued on page 88

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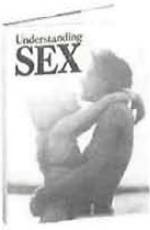


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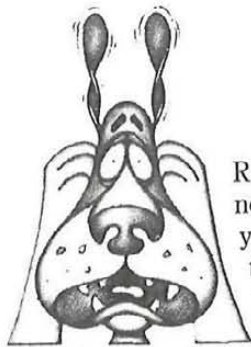
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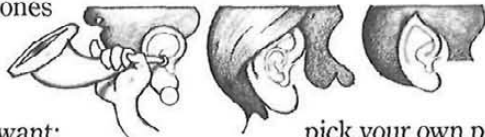
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Ultralinear™

THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 83

is they call this city. It sure was good to see a real person.

After Neb and I had spent a couple of days out in what passes for woods around here, finding out that there was nothing worth hunting except tigers (which are not so big as ones you get in movies and don't put up half the fight of a razorback boar pig, let alone a revenuer) and elephants (which are too large to carry home), we got down to business, and I put it to Neb right off: "Trouble is," I said, "there ain't no colored in this country." Well, Neb was frank shocked. He said that that was against the law. That it was against all kinds of laws that they passed back in the 1960s when Martin Luther King was President of colored people, and that it wasn't right, too. So I told Neb how as what I thought was that they *did* have colored but just didn't know it, and I asked him how the hell we were going to tell them apart.

"Well, mah ole woman," says Neb, "Ah bets wha' she would say is fo' to pulls down dese diaper things dey wears an' sees which as gots de big tallywhackers. But den, mah ole woman, she talk uh lot o' trash." I didn't think it sounded quite decent either, so we thought on it and thought on it, and at last decided to hold us a raffle drawing, the prizes of which would be that the winners were niggers from then on.

Now, I don't suppose, in most countries, that'd be considered much of a prize. But you ain't seen Bang-the-Desk. You're a hell of a lot better off as a nigger (if you-all who's reading this happen to be one), even of the most low-down kind, than you would be to be the whitest damn Bang-the-Desker there is (which, as I mentioned before, is none too anyway). If you don't believe me, you can ask Neb, who says he'd rather be *two* niggers in a Mississippi jail than be king, queen, and jack combined of this whole country.

Contest was real popular, as it turned out. And me and Neb are teaching the winners to clean and wash stuff (of which a lot sure needs doing around here) and to sing and dance and act happy and to be Free-Will Muslims with adult baptism and to eat carp and the green things off the top of whatever anybody else eats the bottoms of. Later, we'll learn them some sports.

Well sir, with that settled, me and

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Neb had a free hand to give this here Bang-the-Desk economy a smart kick in the behind and get the ball rolling.

Right up north of here, across a couple of your Himalayas mountains, there's a whole damn country full of Chinamen. Now, there was a Chinaman cook on my ship in the Navy during the last really good-sized war, so I know these Chinees, and they'll drink anything. Me and Neb went down to Calcutta, India, and bought us about four miles of copper tubing and a couple ten of the largest English Fords (that's a British car) we could find. This about used up all the play money-looking stuff they had in the Bang-the-Desk treasury (which is under Old Unspellable's bed), but me and Neb were going for broke. Then we confiscated just about the only welding shop around and set about turning every oil drum, cook pot, and slop pail in the country into a rice whiskey still and doing a little work on these English Fords to try and make a decent tanker out of them (which I may say was no mean task with those damn little dinky-wink foreigner toy cars—especially their engines, which won't more than pee in their sleep even after we'd bored out the cylinder walls until you could near see through the water jackets. But I boiled down the nitro in some of that dynamite I got and put that in the gas, so they run O.K. now, except for occasionally throwing a rod and exploding on you.)

Yep, things are going right along just fine now and generally looking up for Bang-the-Desk. Them Chinees pay us in chickens and goats, lumps of gold, and whole fistfuls of American cash dollars (that I guess those Communist college students must send to them) —pay us in about anything they can get their hands on. And down to Bang-the-Desk, the folks are already getting to look a little less down in the mouth. Got them all interested in coon hunting. (I haven't told them that there are not really any coons around here but hell, that never was the fun of coon hunting nohow. Who the hell wants an old raccoon? Anyway, I got them all running through the jungle with a pack of yelping dogs all night long having a high old time and getting some good exercise.) And speaking of dogs, me and Neb got an A-1 bunch of dog fights scheduled all around the country. (They learned that one fast!) And you know pan-fried peacock ain't half bad? And I

continued on page 91

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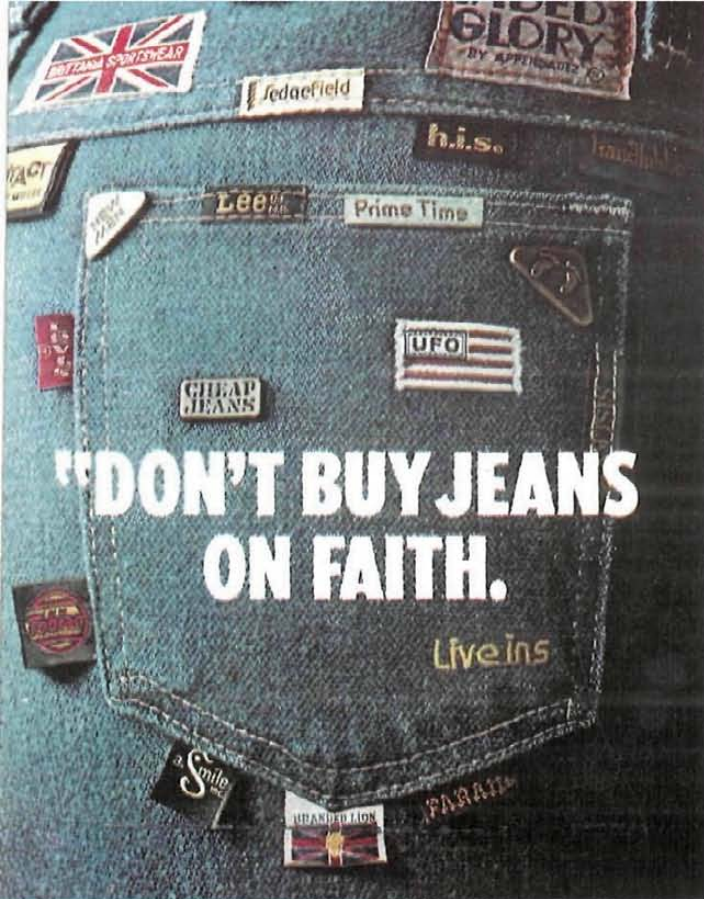


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THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 88

wanted to start a Klan chapter, just for social reasons, you know, but old Neb he said he drew the line there and wasn't going to have any part of that. But anyway, we're going to teach them to stock car race as soon as we have another car we don't need for the moonshine.

Of course, this running 'shine to the Chinee is lots of work for me and Neb and the half dozen Bang-the-Deskers who know how to drive and haven't been killed yet. Them Himalayas mountains are a might steeper in places than the north Georgia hills (but not one-half so pretty), and the roads aren't good. Then there's the Chinamen revenueur border guards. But they are the worst shots I've even seen in my life—couldn't hit their own heads with a hammer. And those tin-whistle Communist machine guns jam up about half the time, and Chinee are real easy

to kill with your hands. And there ain't a one of them that can fly a helicopter or strafe from a jet plane worth pig dirt. And as for those heat-seeking missiles, why, an ordinary road flare will take care of them. Just toss a lit one in the air (or drop it down the pants seat of whichever Chinaman you've captured so far that night, and watch him and the missile hightail it around the mountaintops till they both blow up—better than Lee's birthday for a fireworks show).

Well, all I can say is that I hope this all doesn't work out too good. 'Cause I don't want to have to go fix up no other countries like this one. No, sir. Me and Neb, we'd like to get back home and help out around the White House. Hell, old Neb bounced little Jimmy Earl on his knee. Maybe him and me can set in on Congress or the Senate just to make sure there's no trouble or something. Anyhow, I'll talk at you again now more some real soon. □



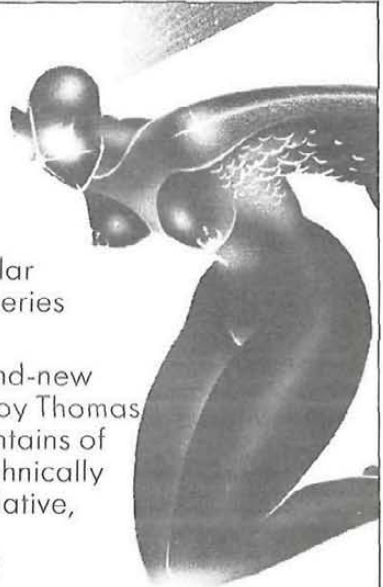
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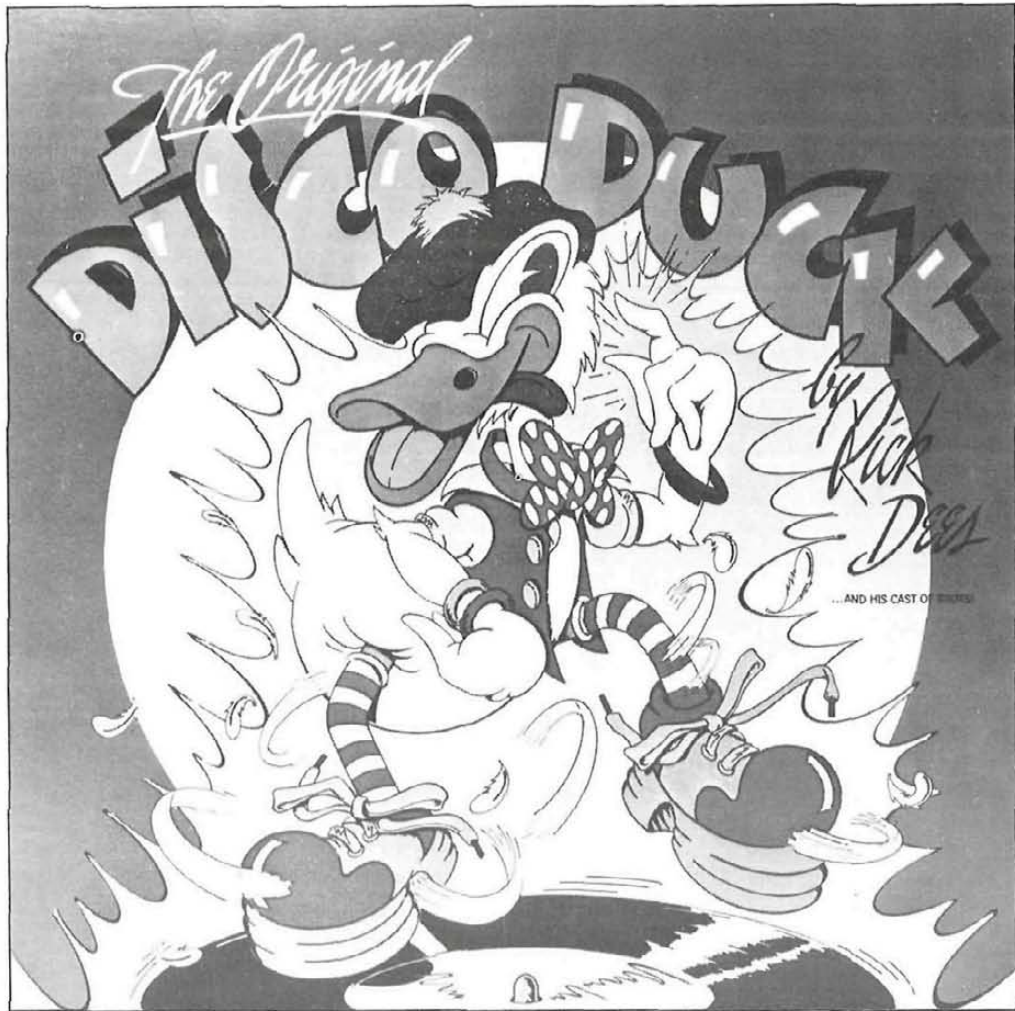
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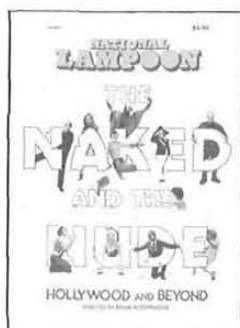
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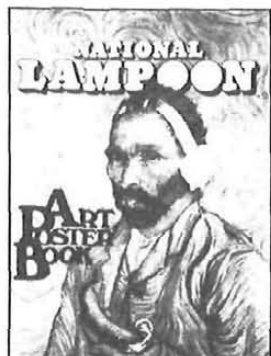
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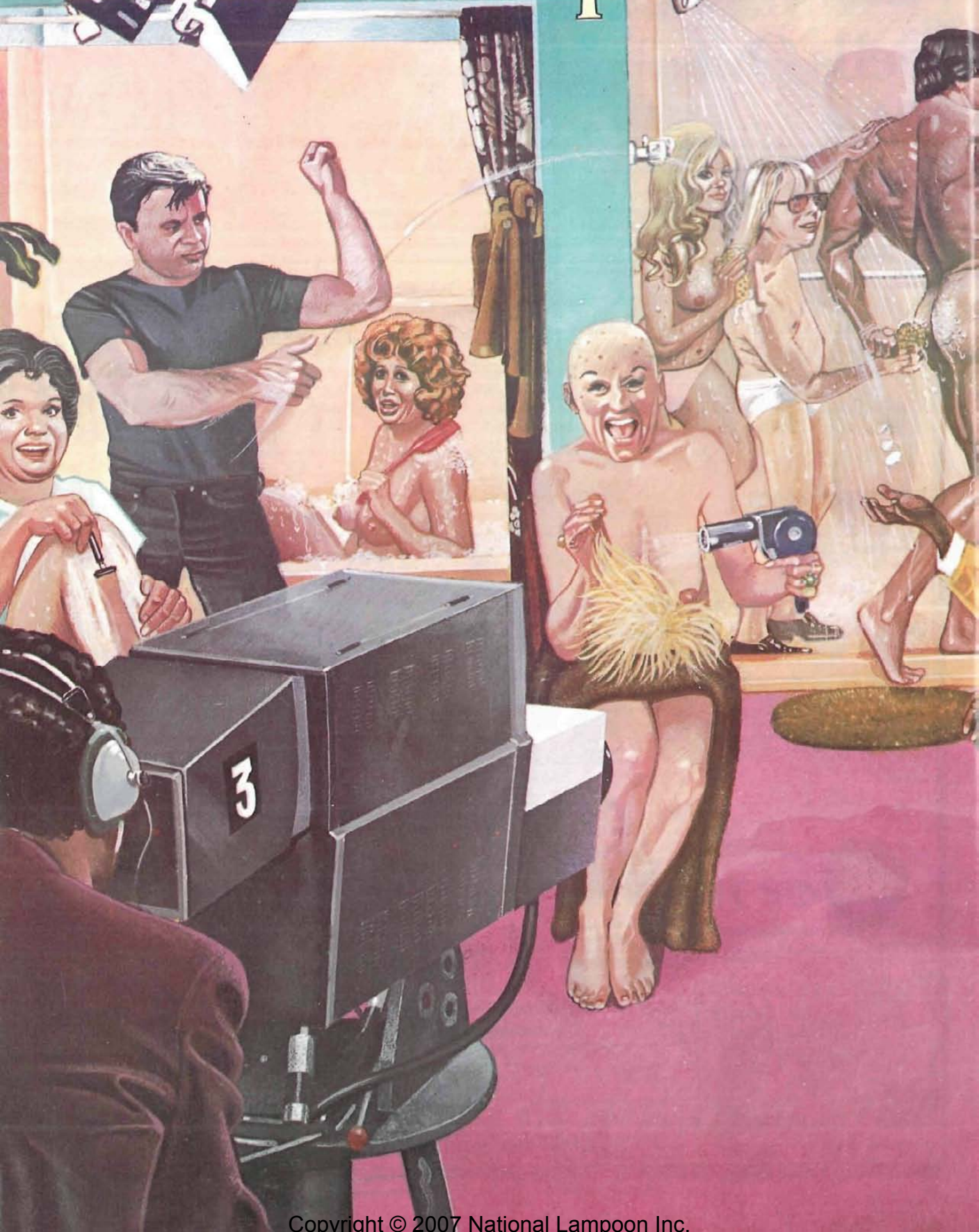
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The Man Who Ate Michael Rockefeller.

Poor Michael. He was just trying to be friendly. Sort of a cultural exchange. How was he to know when he was invited to dinner that he was to be the main course. Or was he? OUI writer Lorne Blair travels to New Guinea to find out just what happened to Michael Rockefeller in the current issue of OUI magazine. His report makes for delightful postprandial reading. In the same issue, J. Allen Hynek, world-renowned expert on UFOs, talks about our shy green visitors in his first-ever in-depth interview. Later, OUI looks into *Sex Therapy at Home* in an assessment of the latest trend in sex counseling for shut-ins. If that doesn't turn you on, Paula will. And if not Paula, then Joan. And if not Joan, well, you need OUI more than we thought. It's at your newsstand now.



oui

A Fond Remembrance The Golden Age of TV:

by Chris Cluess and Stu Kreisman

There was a time, not so long ago, when mothers left milk and cookies out on the kitchen table. Fathers wore elbow-patched cardigans, and said and did silly things. Bus drivers in Brooklyn muttered, "A-homma-homma-homma," when they were at a loss for words. Redheads were zany, and kids said the darndest things.

It was the "Golden Age of Television": the 1950s!

Television, in its early days, was not a mirror that reflected our mundane lives, but a luminous world of entertainment shining brightly in our cultural night. It took us to places that we had never seen, showed us things that we had never imagined, and etched into our language words and phrases that we had never heard.

The places, images, and words rubbed off on us, and before we knew it, we as well as the kids were saying the darndest things!

Some people, especially younger people, don't realize or remember how indebted we all should be to the fertile mind of the television writer of the 1950s, who shaped our language and captured our hearts. It is a shame.

To those who do remember, though, we hope that the following look at some of TV's early immortals from the Golden Age will provide them with a smile, or perhaps a tear, for what was and is no more.



▲ Lash McCabe, U.S. Marshal

Veteran radio actor William Howe stepped into the TV role that he created on radio years before. Lash McCabe was the first and only "singing marshal." Unfortunately, sponsors pulled out when they saw the body that went with the voice. The show only ran for one season in 1952, but it did manage to etch the phrase, "Whoa, horse!" into the language. Strangely enough, the hero was never seen on horseback.



▲ Lumber Squad

Walter Dobbs as "Woody" Jones, chief investigator for the United States Lumber Department. Along with his sidekick, "Splinters" McGee (noted character actor Elmo Rhodes), Woody protected the free world's rapidly diminishing lumber supply from Communist agents. Here's Dobbs shouting the phrase that used to send chills down the spines of TV viewers as well as his on-screen enemies—"Don't move!" The networks tried to capitalize on the success of "Lumber Squad" with spin-offs, copies such as "Fish Patrol" (Communist takeover of our fish supply) and "Berry Battalion" (same for blueberries, strawberries, etc.), but they never had the same blunt, hard-hitting style as "Lumber Squad!"

▼ Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!

The beloved Dr. Harold Tate was the host of this housewives' companion, which aired daily at 12:30 Eastern Standard Time. Each day, Dr. Tate would greet America's homemakers with his now famous line, "What time is it?" and would tell them what time it was in such exotic places as Pago-Pago and the West Indies. The show premiered in 1951 and ran until the doctor's untimely death in 1958, when he was felled by the giant grandfather's clock in this picture.



Police Typist ▶

Nineteen fifty-five saw Carmen Moss starring as Desk Sargeant Jane Kay, police typist. Jane's flying fingers (150 words a minute) speeded up many an investigation, and led to the arrest and conviction of many hardened criminals. "Police Typist" was based on actual forms typed by members of the Los Angeles Police Department, and Carmen Moss did her own typing in every episode. Who could forget her epithet, "Oh, fool!" every time she broke a fingernail or the ribbon got tangled?





▲ Monkey Business

This short-lived but memorable quiz program was based on Zip the chimp's uncanny ability to mimic famous persons of the day. Panelists were often stumped; but when they knew the answer, they would shout, "Gorilla-willa-willa!" Shown here are panelists Abner Bell, Morgana Dean, and Mervin Day, who appear amused as Zip does his John Foster Dulles imitation.



▲ The Carl Green Show

Everybody's favorite, Carl Green, played "Carl Brown," the town hypochondriac, in this 1953-54 situation comedy. The show was a canny combination of comedy and sound medical advice, as Carl's pal, Dr. Alonzo, always had to examine him when he muttered his famous line, "I don't feel well."



▲ Fireman Fred's Firehouse Fun

An early children's show (1950) starring Fred Moore. "Fireman Fred" beckoned his "small fries" with his spirited cry, "Slide down my pole!" as he dazzled them with sizzling stories, blazing

cartoons, and red-hot fun. Moore was a natural children's entertainer and would have become a major TV star if it hadn't been for an ironic accident that took his life. While dining at a French restaurant, he was leaning too close to a waiter's crepe suzette pan. A breeze blew the flames to Moore's highly flammable polyester jacket, and before he could do anything, he was instantly flambéed to death.



▲ Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief

Host Gus Fox moderated this program, where callers could ask questions of the expert panel—Dr. Lionel Dibbs, physician; Mr. J. Royal White, attorney; and Chief Thunder Buffalo Jones, a full-blooded Hopi Indian—concerning their fields of expertise. Dr. Dibbs was an expert on postcards, Mr. White on Scandinavian history, and Chief Jones on boys' clothing. Everyone knew they were in for a treat when one of the panelists said, "Would you please repeat the question?"



▲ Tom and Nancy, Foreign Legionnaires

Robert May and Brenda James starred in this 1958 high adventure series about a young American couple in the French Legion. Since women were not allowed in the Legion, Nancy had to disguise herself as a man, and was constantly in danger of being found out. But whether they were battling desert renegades or outfoxing their strict commander, Captain Pierre, the "duo of the dunes" always found time to say, "Boy, is it hot!"



▲ Destination: Tomorrow

The pioneer science fiction show on TV. This 1949 series looked to the future for its adventure. It starred James Hills as Captain Bob of the Earth Task Force for Universal Peace, and took place in the year 1973. Along with his assistant, Corporal Sparky (Murray Parks), he led the fight against outer space invaders with futuristic weapons such as hydraulic ray guns and fighting jet robots. Remember the line, "I'll fly tomorrow?" It came from this highly imaginative show.



▲ Dance with the Stars

Bernice Simms hosted this thrice weekly show live from Hollywood from 1949 through 1953. Major Hollywood stars such as Preston Gunther (pictured doing a titillating tango with Bernice) swung through her Roman Arch when she asked the musical question that became a household word: "O.K., who wants to dance?" This upbeat show also featured the Joe Craig Trio.

FORUM



PHOTO BY JEFF DUNAS

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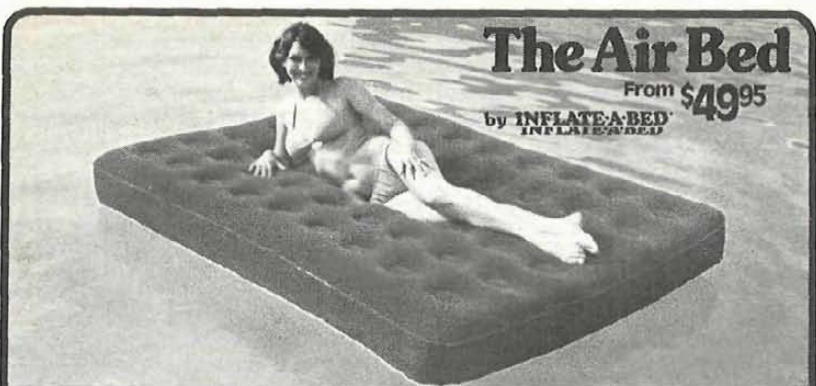
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BIRDBATH

continued from page 34

a pass of t'ai chi, I outmaneuvered her, and Chuckles and I raced for the sea, where a private yacht waited to flit him back to Angleterre and the arms of aspirant duchesses with fair skins and breaths of honey. Once again, Birdbath intervened in international affairs to good effect. The Queen awarded me the Order of the Garter, and the POW awarded me this somewhat greasy slouch hat, for Bella got the coronet, but not the head beneath it. The hat I will gladly send to the first person who, including return postage, requests the wretched thing.

☞ Since this is the month poet/novelist Janet Burroway's novel, *Raw Silk*, appears in print, no mention either of that novel, *Raw Silk*, or of Miss Burroway shall appear in this column this issue. Little, Brown is the publisher.

☞ "Daryl Hall and John Oates are the Leopold and Loeb of pop music"—did Linda Ronstadt actually say this? "Could be," said Linda. "All I know is, I'm not happy: two boys should not be allowed to sing together like that. You don't get that in Grand Opera. Sometimes three—the Everly Brothers, the Inkspots, the Anvil Chorus—but two's fishy!" Linda looked crestfallen, and so, to reassure her, Birdbath rushed her into the shower, tore off all her clothes, covered her with soap, worshipped her utterly, and had his way with her. She was happy after that.

☞ Rock Hudson got his teeth cleaned at the dentist. Too bad he's still got halitosis at the box office.

☞ What's this about Dick Cavett accepting a three-million-dollar gift from the American Indian Museum of New York City? The gift, a collection of rare and ancient beads, the curators now want back. "Cavett, he say he trade beads for give Island of Manhattan back to Indian. But he speak with forked tongue. Him lie. Isle of Manhattan nor his to give. Who, what, when, where, why how?"

"Pooy on that," said Cavett over the phone, "Manhattan belongs to anyone with balls enough to sell it, and I ain't givin' up my necklaces for no rotten redskin." Peace, Dicky, peace!

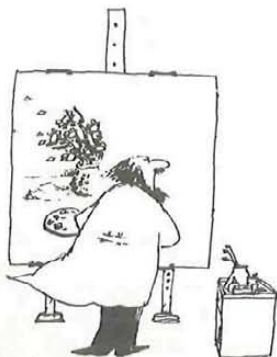
☞ Sun Myung Moon, bogus blessing from the frozen chosen, gets took to court in N.Y.C. 'cause he don't pay no real estate tax. The holy places in question are the former Columbia

University Club and the former Loft Candy factory. These ancient shrines yield \$230,000 in taxes yearly, and if this money changer had actually been in a temple, he'd a got throwed out years ago.

Sammy Davis, Jr., has just returned from a monastic retreat in a cave high in the cliff of Mt. Athos in Greece. Sammy climbed up the rope and pulled it in after him, letting down his basket once a day for sustenance from passersby. But passersby set up a shrine around it instead, never having seen the likes of it, kissing it frequently. Sammy got an awful lot of grinning done, but not too much meditation.

Bernadette Peters is a fascinating woman, thrilling, in fact! What a life she leads. "I'm a vegetarian. Have some kasha? With your fingers, yes, you can wipe them on the sofa. Do you like my furniture? It's vegetarian, too. I like Carter and I like Ford, but I don't remember which one I voted for 'cause I'm apolitical, so I didn't vote. Isn't that silly of me? I'm so eccentric. I don't even have a boyfriend. I don't even have a pet dog. I live over this garage. I put my hair up in curlers. Let's see, what else? What I'd really like to do is talk about my neighbor, Mrs. Goldberg, who fell down the stairs and broke her ankle. You know what she said to me? She said, 'Bernadette, ever since I fell down the stairs, I use a cane.' So I says to her, I says, 'Mrs. Goldberg'—I call her Mrs. Goldberg because she's an older woman—you know, respect an' all—'Mrs. Goldberg, dark is the dawn before the day!' So she says to me—hey, where you goin', Mister?—you didn't even finish your kasha. Don'tcha want to hear about how I'm not even a women's libber?"

Bruce Jenner has the sniffles.
R. Bruce Moody



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Mr. Elborne Whippet, Jr., bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Washington, D.C.—As the capital shakes off winter's alabaster shroud of winter, as the first tendrils of vernality grasp up ward toward the sun with all of the effort of a congressman reaching for the wallet of a Korean lobbyist, so the new Carter administration is alive with the birth of new ideas, new concepts, to bring us into the last score of the last pre-millennial century.

And of these ideas, none is more innovative, more exciting, more rich in possibilities, than the idea which bids fair to be the Grand Design of the Carter administration: the admitting of mistakes before they are committed.

As explained by presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell over a Dr. Pepper in his offices, "The American people like nothing better than to hear a big shot admit he was wrong. When Jack Kennedy admitted the Bay of Pigs was a screw-up, his popularity jumped. John Lindsay won a mayoral election by going around admitting he'd made mistakes. And Jimmy used to get away with stuff during the campaign by yelling 'mistake!' It disarms the boobs in the press; makes 'em feel all warm inside."

When Secretary of State Cy Vance went before a Senate committee during the confirmation process, Powell noted, "he said right away Vietnam was wrong. And not one of those assholes on the committee asked how come a guy who kept his mouth shut for eight years during that mistake should be running foreign policy. That's what gave us the idea."

The concept of the pre-event admission is brilliantly simple. "If the American people will forgive any stupidity, any slaughter, any insanity, as long as we admit it was wrong, then let's admit the mistake first and then commit it." In his

inaugural address, Jimmy Carter explicitly referred to "my mistakes" before having made any as president; but that is only the beginning.

For example, Powell reveals, Secretary of State Vance plans to apologize later this spring for "any regrettable incursions into the sovereignty of other nations."

"That way," Powell chuckled, "we've already covered our ass for the 1978 Angola invasion, and the 1979 parachute drop into Saudi Arabia. The first time one of those one-ball Senators opens his mouth, all we do is say, 'Hey—we've told you already it was a mistake. What do you want, blood?'"

Similarly, Defense Secretary Harold Brown plans to announce this summer his "sincere regrets" for next year's \$3.5 billion defense appropriation for the "Sunkisser," a solar-energy powered tank which can only be driven on clear, summer days at speeds below five miles per hour for a distance of 400 feet.

"In foresight," Brown will say, "it's easy to make judgments about the usefulness of projects. But Washington policy cannot work by listening to the easy certitudes of Saturday morning quarterbacks."

Finally, President Carter himself, seeking to avoid a repetition of the notorious "ethnic purity" flap, has released a "profound, personal expression of deepest sadness for any remarks which may escape my lips concerning references to jungle bunnies, mockies, wetbacks, dagos, pickaninnies, sheenies, and jigs. Should I ever use such words, they will be used in a thoughtless and hasty manner, indicating that I will not have known what I was to be talking about."

The statement exempts from apology any such remark that may be uttered "back home in Plains, or during my non-working or vacation time."

* * *

One of the more droll exchanges on

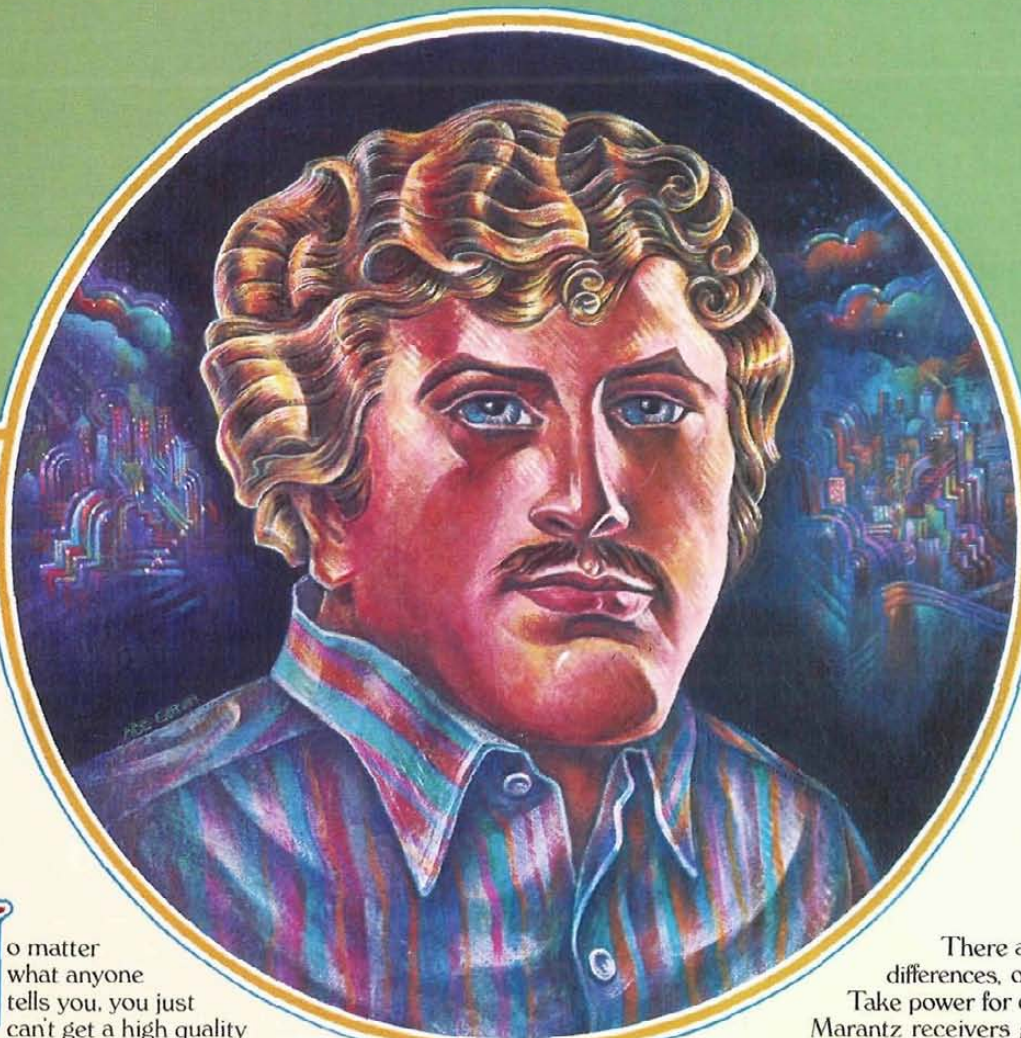
the Washington party circuit occurred last week during one of those exquisite social gatherings at the Iranian embassy, where the caviar and champagne are in constant supply, and the goodwill between nations is cemented in the \$120-a-pound mortar.

It seems that a young man more inflamed with passion than the cooler emotions of reason and judgment had sneaked into the reception disguised as a waiter. In the midst of the frivolity, the youth stripped off his jacket and held aloft a list of what purported to be Iranian "political prisoners and torture victims." The lad began yelling of the various indignities perpetrated on his cronies by SAVAK (an Iranian law enforcement unit something like a cross between the FBI and SWAT). Finally, he turned toward the host, Iranian Ambassador Zahedi, and shouted, "Fuck you!"

Whereupon Ambassador Zahedi, with a droll twinkle in his eye, replied, "My impatient friend, think upon this. I stand at the pinnacle of power, able to purchase the votes of the Congress and the support of America's most powerful molders of opinion with a dollop or two of fish eggs. My country is well on its way, through a mix of petroleum and geography, toward becoming one of the most influential nations in the world. We have billions to lavish on arms and luxury, and we have the power to suppress the merest flicker of opposition with utterly ruthless torture and death. Meanwhile, I am permitted to exert such power in the sybaritic embrace of the finest food and wine, utter splendor in clothes, homes, and women, and complete diplomatic immunity. Should your ravaged body be found in our refuse tomorrow morning, a single telephone call and a few ten dollar bills will wipe that act out of recorded memory.

"Fuck me, kid?—fuck you!" □

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